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THE FALL OF BELA KUN

BY R. W. SETON-WATSON

THE Magyar Soviet system, which Entente policy or lack of policy has more than once saved from ruin during the last five months, has at last collapsed by reason of its own inner rottenness. Bela Kun, Landler and others of the gang have escaped from Budapest and submitted to internment in Austria; while Szamueli, the most bloodthirsty of them all, appears to have committed suicide at the frontier. It is thoroughly characteristic of the men whom some would have had us recognize as true representatives of the Magyar democracy, that they should have been caught with their pockets and their luggage bulging with stolen banknotes. Kun, who was expelled from school for theft, and who during one of his terms of imprisonment was found stealing from a fellow prisoner,* would doubtless scoff at such trifles, as proving his fine contempt for the obsolete rights of private property. But his period of power affords a highly practical illustration of the fact that those who start from the Communist theory 'Property is Theft,' very soon develop an inability to distinguish between 'mine' and 'thine' and a convenient tendency to regard 'the state's' and 'mine' as identical.

The whole Kun system had latterly become a gigantic bluff, with terrorism as its basis. A reckless supply of machine guns and armed patrols held Budapest in awe; the government existed from hand to mouth by remorselessly draining the capital and resources of the state, and for a time discontent and opposition were canalized in the ranks of a Red Pretorian army, who, no matter who else starved, had ample food and cash for themselves and their families. The Communist chiefs were at least singularly frank, and openly proclaimed militarism — nominally inverted in favor of the proletariat, but in reality organized by former 'Imperial and Royal' officers — as the basis of their rule; and just as locusts, having stripped one district bare, must die of famine or extend their territory, so Kun and his friends planned a series of aggressions on the neighboring states, with the double motive of extending the world-revolution and recovering as much as possible of Hungary's lost lands. Their

*This we have on the authority of one who shared Kun's prison for a political offense, and who now holds one of the most responsible posts in the Czecho-Slovak Republic.

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assault upon the Czecho-Slovaks early last June came dangerously near success and no sooner had the latter rallied than they were prevented by the Allies from driving their counter-attack home. Kun and his government had to consent to the reëvacuation of Slovakia, but were able to twist the somewhat maladroit message of the Allies into a readiness to recognize the Soviet régime, and thus once more to discourage the growing opposition.

For a time the Allies seemed both disinclined to act themselves against Hungary and bent on preventing any of her neighbors from action which was really inevitable if they were to secure peace within their new borders. The Conference did, it is important to note, lay down frontiers between Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia and Roumania, which are in the main conspicuously fair; but not content with this, it attempted to force the Roumanians to abandon the strategic points which they held beyond this line, without obtaining any kind of guaranty that the Magyars would respect the new line. Not unnaturally the Roumanians, having fewer illusions about Hungary than had the Big Four, were disinclined to obey, and fresh friction seemed imminent between Paris and Bucharest, when the Magyars obligingly proved the Roumanian contention by launching a fresh offensive along the whole length of the Theiss front. The Red army was heavily repulsed, and a Roumanian counter-offensive became necessary, which at once brought the Magyar Soviet government to the ground like a pack of cards. But the Allies, who seem to think so poorly of western labor as to suspect it of sympathy for the desperadoes of Budapest, at first threw a veil over the whole proceedings and then tried to arrest it before it could be completed. Such tactics were bound to revive friction with Roumania, which could not be expected to conduct the essential operation and then meekly to renounce all share in the dénouement, at the command of those whose vetoes and delays had already complicated the situation. In any appreciation of events in Hungary it is essential to bear in mind that Roumania's military action was the 'whiff of grapeshot' that ended the Kun-Számueli Terror.

The abdication of the Magyar Soviet on August 1 in favor of a phantom Social Democratic Government, bears a suspicious resemblance to Count Károlyi's similar surrender of power into the hands of the Soviet last March. It also confronts the Allies with the extremely difficult problem of finding a substitute which has some claim to represent the Magyar nation and hence to conclude peace in its name. So much of the comment upon Hungarian affairs overlooks the facts that we are still at war with Hungary; that, strange as it may seem to 'the man in the street,' Hungary is not *less*, but perhaps even *more*, guilty of the Great War than Germany herself; and that we have a duty far beyond mere territorial readjustment, alike toward the new states which have rescued millions of their kinsmen from Magyar tyranny, and also toward the Magyar peasant masses whose lot under the old oligarchy was almost as unenviable as that of the non-Magyars themselves. On the other hand, many who feel that the dire punishment which has befallen Hungary exceeds even the enormity of her offense, have failed to realize that a strict application to her case of the doctrine of noninterference was not merely impracticable as Europe stands to-day, but was the most cruel disservice which could possibly be done to the new Magyaria of the future. Even as it is, the

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task of restoring Hungarian political and economic institutions is almost superhuman.

If the Roumanian army dealt the final blow to the Soviet régime, what destroyed its last hope of internal support was the defection of the trade unions at the end of May; and it was, therefore, not unnatural that these unions should secure a large share of portfolios in the new cabinet. But its composition was not calculated to dispel suspicion. For while Mr. Peidl, chairman of the Printers' Union, became nominal premier, his Bolshevist predecessor, Garbai, who only a few weeks ago openly advocated extreme measures of repression, retained a seat in the government, and the war office was assigned to Haubrich, who, as Bela Kun's military governor of Budapest, suppressed the abortive rising of June 24. Professor Agoston, the new foreign minister, though originally a member of the Radical party, had also thrown in his lot with the Communists and must be regarded as distinctly compromised. Mr. Garami, one of the few Magyar Socialists of any real standing, was only included by name, being actually in Switzerland when the crash came.

Criticism of this Socialist Cabinet was, however, to become rapidly superfluous. For within three days of its assuming office there came the strange news that its members had been summarily arrested by a small clique of reactionaries, headed by the ex-Archduke Joseph, two Magyar generals, a Magyarized German professor named Bleyer, and several highly-placed but little-known bureaucrats, and that the generals whom the Entente had hurriedly despatched to Budapest had 'delegated authority' to them. We fail to see on what grounds Mr. Joseph Habsburg — we are not joking, but merely use the name which he and his son publicly assumed last November in the Magyar revolutionary assembly — can be regarded as representing the Magyar masses, among whom the Republican tradition of Louis Kossuth has never died out; and we agree with the American peace delegate, Mr. Polk, that such a government is admirably calculated to rehabilitate Bolshevism. To-day Joseph and Bleyer, to-morrow Andrássy, Apponyi, Szmrecsányi and all the old gang that has plunged Hungary into ruin. If the envoys of the Paris Conference have really been guilty of so false a step, it cannot be wondered at that the Roumanians should have taken the bit between their teeth and determined to guide the situation in a direction suitable to themselves, instead of leaving it to be compromised anew by Western amateurism and Habsburg intrigue.

The bankruptcy of the old régime in Hungary has been so overwhelming, and so many landmarks have perished during the past nine months, that to-day there is a kind of vacuum in the political life of the country, and leaders qualified to lead are few and far between. Hence the Entente would be well advised to hold back for the moment from all recognition of rival cliques, and to deal only with those who accept certain axioms of political reconstruction. The first essential is the complete and immediate disarmament of the Red army, the dismantling of the Magyar armament factories, the seizure and removal of war material (especially that of Mackensen's army), and the restoration to the neighboring states of rolling stock, agricultural instruments, livestock, and other plunder — to say nothing of the contents of museums, libraries, and private collections. The original armistice concluded with Hungary last November has been so often broken

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by the Magyars since that date, that it cannot be regarded as still in existence. But, as has often been pointed out in *The New Europe*, it in any case contained a number of conditions so unjust to our smaller Allies and so impossible of execution, as to necessitate frequent revision; and it is a blessing in disguise that the Magyars should have rendered it invalid by their own infringements, as otherwise the Allies would sooner or later have been compelled to repudiate it. Quite apart, moreover, from its territorial and administrative provisions, the history of the Red army has proved that its sanction of an army of six infantry and two cavalry divisions was altogether excessive.

Simultaneously with disarmament must come the final announcement of the frontiers of the future Hungarian Republic toward Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Jugoslavia, and Roumania. A Coalition Cabinet containing not merely Socialists, but also representatives of the peasantry and of the Independent and Radical parties, but definitely excluding the corrupt and trebly compromised parties once led by Tisza, Wekerle, Andrássy, Apponyi, and Zichy — should be entrusted with the task of preparing elections for a Constituent Assembly, on the basis of Universal Suffrage and the ballot, always stubbornly rejected by the old régime. The Allies must, however, bear in mind that Magyar politics are corrupt to the core, and that the few honest men who can be found to attempt the desperate task of moral and political regeneration will need much sympathetic and tactful backing from the outside. It may be that the time has not yet come for the little group of Radicals, whose courageous pre-war campaign against corruption and racial intolerance was one of the few bright spots in a gloomy landscape; and it is certain that the coöperation of their leaders Jászi and Szende with Károlyi in the first days of the Revolution is not a very promising precedent for the future. But in Hungary, as in Russia, it is not possible to wait for the ideal, and the best possible must be made with material to hand. For those who desire the maintenance and consolidation of the New Europe, it is impossible to contemplate even a temporary arrangement with the Magyar oligarchs who are now pulling wires in every Western capital, men such as the Andrássys, the Apponyis, the Bethlens, the Télekis, *e tutti quanti*, whose steady rejection of social and political reform in their own country was a decisive influence in lighting the European conflagration; and, on the other hand, it is no less impossible, in the dearth of men, to withhold our goodwill and coöperation from Dr. Jászi and his group, who did, it is true, at the height of the war resign themselves to the idea of 'Central Europe,' but who have abundantly proved their honesty, civic courage, and progressive patriotism. From the former it is impossible to expect an honest acceptance of the *status quo;* with the latter it is possible for the new states to enter very soon upon friendly coöperation. The Magyar aristocracy will never voluntarily renounce its dream of hegemony and will always seek allies for a reversal of present conditions. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and the peace of Europe demands that it should be reduced to complete and permanent impotence. Hungary has no future save as a mainly peasant community, content to live at peace with its neighbors and renounce its evil dreams of racial hegemony.

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ENGLAND AND ITALY

Now that the Treaty of Peace has been signed with Germany the time has come to seriously consider how we stand, after so many months of negotiations, with our great partners and friends. With France it might seem certain that we are on a firm basis of friendship and understanding, and in spite of the Irish question and the question of the right of blockade which is sure to re-arise, our relations with the United States would seem to be more cordial and frank than they have perhaps ever been before. Mr. Curtis of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia — it would be hard to find a better judge — assures us that this is so. 'I have traveled,' he says, 'quite a good deal from the Atlantic to the Pacific and I have come into contact with all sorts and conditions of people and I am quite sure that the feeling to-day among all classes is that the English and Americans are one. . . . Our relations, then, with France and America being so happy, can we say the same of our relations with Italy? Unfortunately we cannot, and it is absolutely necessary that we should understand why.

There is no other nation in Europe which has in the past won the good will and held the affection of the English people as Italy has done, and it would be equally true to say that the Italian people have fully reciprocated our friendship and sympathy. We have had, indeed, very valuable proof of this in the past. The Italians were the one people who stood by us morally in the South African War, and their faith in us right up to the armistice was such that they utterly refused to believe the first news of the battle of Jutland, and no troops were welcomed as ours were upon the Italian front. Individually the Italian and Englishman have always been sympathetic and able to 'get on' in a way that is certainly not true of the English and any other people. If something — though indeed not all — of this understanding and friendship seems for the moment to have passed under a cloud or been lost, it is essential that if possible we should recover it. But if we are to be successful we must first understand what has happened.

That something has befallen us, that a serious misunderstanding and loss of sympathy have appeared, there is, unfortunately, no lack of evidence to prove. Almost any Italian newspaper shows the signs of it any and every day, and a week's sojourn in Italy is enough to convince the most unwilling that this is by no means mere 'politics' or 'journalism.' It is far more than that. It is much too human, too widespread, and too sincere. On the other hand, in England it seems increasingly difficult to find anyone professing the least interest in Italian affairs. The newspapers contain very little information about Italy, though more than enough concerning the Italian claims as put forward in the Paris Conference. And the debate in England kept up by a few extremists on both sides has had no other result at all and could have no other result than to make Italy appear to be intent on filling the place from which Austria has just been thrown. Anything more false and unfortunate than this, the result of a mistaken method on the part of the Italian protagonists, could not have happened. It was because we most clearly foresaw

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what was bound to happen, and why, that the *Anglo-Italian Review* has refused to have anything to do with so foolish a policy. With the advent of a new government it is to be hoped that new methods will be followed in this country.

But if this unhappy and indeed tragic state of affairs, wholly artificial as it is and rooted in nothing but misunderstanding, is to be remedied, we must begin by realizing what that misunderstanding is. It is dangerous, of course, to analyse so obscure a thing, but it is worth while risking the danger, for it is certain that without a clear apprehension of what has, half unconsciously, befallen us both, we shall never be able to return to the old confidence and friendship.

Now first with regard to Italy. We shall not be far wrong if we begin by saying that when Italy entered the war she felt that England was her best friend and that she looked to England for a really strenuous support both military in the war and politically in the Conference which must follow it. More than this: she had the right to expect and she did expect of England a fuller appreciation of her efforts and a keener sympathy for her sufferings and misfortunes than — let us be honest about it — in fact she ever received. Italy freely forgave us for leaving her alone for two years to face a much superior enemy force because she saw we were hard pressed, and her generosity of heart was and is and always has been unbounded. She thought we understood. We did not: and when we rushed to her assistance in 1917 the expression of 'sympathy' in this country was far too much like an impatient sneer. We had failed to realize or had forgotten the awful odds against her; under-gunned and under-munitioned as her armies were, and outnumbered too. It was ungenerous of us and, more, it was unjust. It was and is hard to forgive.

However, this was not fundamental and at any rate did not fundamentally affect public sentiment in Italy toward this country until it was recalled and emphasized by our hopelessly unimaginative way of looking at Italy's claims at the Peace Conference. Italy appeared at that Conference believing with her whole heart, and, as history will show, rightly believing, that she had deserved nobly of the Allies. Remember, she was the youngest of us. This was her first war of European dimensions, her first Conference with the whole world. I do not say her affairs were brilliantly handled. But let us ask ourselves whether when we peer through the fog that surrounds the great debate we are convinced that Italy, our youngest sister, was nobly treated; whether her enormous services, nothing less than the salvation of us all in 1914, for instance, were acknowledged with anything like justice; or a proper and generous consideration given to her most elementary desires, those things upon which she had most set her heart.

Let us consider the matter in this way. There was one thing, at any rate, which, Fourteen Points or no Fourteen Points, England did not intend to have debated or put in jeopardy — the question known as the Freedom of the Seas. Quite frankly in accepting the Fourteen Points as a basis England told Mr. Wilson that she could not accept that one which dealt with this point. England had her way. Italy, too, made a protest, so it is said, with regard to one of those points which seemed to touch her claims in the Adriatic. But whether or no that protest was ever made, has Italy ever received the same consideration with regard to what she considers vital to her future as England did with regard

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to the Freedom of the Seas? We all know she has not. And Italy asks, and rightly asks, Is this just? She supported England in her claim: did we support her in hers? We all know we did not. And Italy asks, and rightly asks, Is this fair or generous?

There is, however, more than this, and I don't think I can put it better or more briefly than it was put to me the other day in a letter by an eminent Italian man of letters. 'There is here,' he writes from Italy, 'much alarm and disillusion, and with some right. You have seen, however, that Italian people and also the best Democrats are not so much disillusioned and angry against England, as against Wilson. *Wilson has allowed the kind of peace you see; and only with Italy has he been acting the prig and the zealot.* . . . Italy is now in a very bad economic condition: the economic condition is even worse than the political condition, which is certainly not a brilliant one.' There we have the truth. If Wilson has raised no final objection to French claims, for instance, in the Saar, why has he raised a fundamental objection to Italian claims in the Adriatic? If England supported France in her claims, why did not England support Italy in hers? The diplomatist doubtless sees all manner of differences in the nature of the claims, the man in the street does not. The Italian people see the French claims satisfied: they see the Italian claims refused. They see England support France: they do not see England support Italy. They ask why, and the political leaders are dumb. The journalists meanwhile invent every sort of mean and unworthy motives for England's action. The Italians are told, for instance, that the Jugo-Slav Government has made an arrangement with the Cunard Company for a monopoly of the port of Fiume in exchange for the support of England and the English press in its claim. Hence the English attitude. All this is of course nonsense, but how is the Italian to know that? He partly, not wholly, believes it, and in any case he fails to understand why England has not wholeheartedly supported Italy in what he considers her most just claims: claims, too, which, under the Treaty of London, 1915, he firmly believes England promised to see satisfied.

Just there perhaps we touch the root of the matter. How many Italians, how many English people, really know the terms of that Treaty? It is greatly to be hoped that Signor Tittoni will obtain the permission of England and France for the publication of that fundamental document. If that is done Italian public opinion must at once realize that if England did not support the Italian claim to Fiume, it was because she was forbidden to do so by treaty. *That Treaty gives Fiume to the Croats.* It was Italy herself who gave up Fiume. It was the Treaty of 1915, not Wilson, which first denied Fiume to Italy. When Italy now asserts that Fiume is essential to her Wilson can reply: 'But it cannot be essential, since in 1915 you gave it to the Croats.' If England moves to support the Italian claim, Wilson can pull her back. He has only to say: 'England is bound by the Treaty of 1915, which gives Fiume to the Croats.' The publication of that Treaty is thus essential if Italian public opinion is to understand the English attitude at Paris and our failure finally to support Italy.

So much for the Italian point of view. What is the English? We may learn this best from an excellent Italian observer, the London correspondent of the *Giornale d'Italia.* Signor Bedolo, who deals in that journal very precisely with 'the nasty theme — at

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least for the moment — of Anglo-Italian friendship,' says:

Italy for the last three months has appeared to foreign observers, above all I mean British ones, to be in a condition of hysteria. The alternations of her explosions of nationalism, of her crises of humanitarianism, of her shouts of defiance, of protests, of cynicism, of her denunciations, of her menaces, of her moments of contrition, in fact the incessant alternation of her maximum demands and of her minimum offers . . . have ended not only by alienating foreign sympathies, but even by creating a lack of interest in our destiny. . . . Italy has not supported three years of war in order to win the hostility of the world, and this is precisely what is happening. . . . I have said that it is not worth while going into the merits of the causes which produced this damaging situation. What is necessary is to change it, and I will at once mention the first remedy: stop talking. . . .

I do not think that I am exaggerating when I affirm that never in history, recent or remote, has Italo-British friendship found itself in such a singular and dangerous position. . . . If down to last April it was easy to find people of every party sincerely disposed to seek by every means a settlement satisfying our claims, with the intention of maintaining at all costs the friendship traditionally and spiritually dear and necessary to the British people, to-day it is difficult to find one single person disposed to take any interest in the matters which concern us. It is not hostility, it is suspicious indifference. The second is more pernicious than the first. In my opinion it is in any case the one which at the moment does us most harm.

The inevitable political passivity of the British people must not be confounded with the hostility of a few diplomatists which control it. For reasons which some day we shall perhaps learn we have alienated the support of these last. . . . We take our revenge on them by covering with abuse a whole people, which is just as ignorant of their intentions of their manœuvres, as we are ourselves, and we do not remember that while those bad words reach the ears of that people and hurt its feelings, they leave the half-dozen astute politicians, to whom they ought to be directed, totally indifferent. . . . When the Italian delegates left Paris they had the whole of England with them. A week afterward this absurd shouting in Italy against all the Allies without distinction changed its feeling entirely. When we went back to Paris, purple in the face against the whole universe, a British politician told me bluntly: 'Italy has forever ceased to be the country of Machiavelli.' Let us attempt to become once again the country worthy of that great man of ours who is to-day more than ever of living interest.

The Anglo-Italian Review

This is an explanation very severe, indeed too severe, on the Italian people. We are at least as much to blame for the misunderstanding that exists. The great thing now is by frankness and good will to bring this misunderstanding to an end. The first step was to explain how it arose. The second must be to devise new means of communion and understanding between the two peoples who are absolutely necessary the one to the other intellectually, morally, and politically, not to speak of commerce. And these new means must be devised at once. Meanwhile it is to be believed that we can make a new beginning with the advent in Italy of a new ministry.

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EDUCATION AND WAR

BY ANATOLE FRANCE

[EDITORIAL NOTE: This speech, delivered before a congress of teachers' associations, has caused much discussion in France. The Pacifist press in general has sustained the speaker, while the Nationalist and Conservative journals have condemned the views expressed in no measured terms.]

'CITIZENS and Dear Friends: You see an old friend before you. He stood at your side, in company with the great Jaures, when, in 1906, you began your struggle for the right to form associations. Now that this right has been admitted, a time is at hand to regulate its exercise, and it is for this reason that your associations have united here.

'This Congress, however, has still another object; one of capital importance, the reorganization of elementary education. Count only on yourselves to accomplish this task; such is the counsel of prudence.

'It was with joy that I read yesterday in the news the opinion of our friend M. Glay on this subject. "The war," he wrote, "has clearly shown that the popular education of to-morrow must be entirely different from that of yesterday." I hasten to put my thought before you. Teachers and dear friends, it is with a strong emotion that I address you; I speak to you as one moved by both hope and uneasiness. For one cannot but be moved by the thought that the future lies in your hands, and that it will be largely what your spirit and your care have made it.

'In forming the child, you shall be preparing the future. What a task this means to-day, in this great overthrow of things during which the ancient societies are crumbling beneath the weight of their faults, when conquerors and conquered fall side by side into the abyss of a common misery, exchanging looks of hatred as they descend! In the social disorder created by the war and consecrated by the peace which follows it, you have everything to do; everything to rebuild. Let your courage and your spirit be high. It is your task to create a new humanity, to waken new intelligences, if you do not wish to see Europe fall back into folly and barbarism.

'They will say to you, "Of what use are your efforts? Man does not change." Yes! He has changed! He has changed since the age of the caverns, sometimes for good, sometimes for bad; he changes with his environment, and it is education which moulds him as much, perhaps, as air and nourishment. Yes, we must not allow to exist an instant longer the kind of education which rendered possible, which favored even (for it was of much the same variety in all so-called civilized nations), this fearful catastrophe under which we lie half buried. First of all, everything which can make a child love war and its crimes must be banished from the school, a task, this, which will require your long and constant effort, if it is not some day accomplished by the whirlwind of

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universal revolution. Among our bourgeois, greater and less, among our proletariat as well, the destructive instincts, with whose possession we reproach the Germans, are carefully cultivated.

'A few days ago M. La Fouchardiere went to a bookshop and asked for some books for a little girl. They could give him only tales and pictures of killings, throat-cuttings, massacres, and exterminations. On next Mid-Lent day, you will see at Paris, on the Champ Elysees, thousands and thousands of youngsters dressed as generals and marshals. The cinematograph will show them the beauties of war; the children will be thus prepared for a military career, and as long as there are soldiers there will be wars. Our diplomats have even left some to the Germans. From childhood on, they will thus be busy preparing soldiers.

'My friends, let us break with these dangerous practices. It is the teacher's task to lead the child to love peace and its works and to detest war. He must banish from education everything that leads to hatred of the stranger, even to the hatred of yesterday's enemy, not because one should be easy with crime or ready to absolve the guilty, but because a people, no matter what it may be, is composed more of victims than of criminals, and because the punishment of the guilty ought not to be extended to innocent generations, and generally, because all peoples have much to pardon and be pardoned for.

'In a fine book which has just appeared, a book which I counsel you to read, *Clean Hands*, an essay on education without dogma, Michel Corday has pronounced these words which I use to reinforce my own: "I hate those who debase man to the brute level by hurling him upon all who are not exactly like him."

'My friends, cause hate to be hated! This is the most necessary and the simplest part of your task. The state of things into which a devastating war has plunged France and an entire world imposes on you duties of an extreme complexity which are difficult to fulfil. Pardon me for having returned to this, but it is the main point from which all depends. You must, without hope of finding either comfort or aid or even consent, be prepared to change education from roof tree to foundation stone in order to form *constructive lives*. Only workers have a place in modern society; the rest will be carried away in the whirlwind. Form intelligent workers, learned in the arts they practise, knowing what they owe to both the national community and the human community. Burn! burn all the books which teach hatred. Exalt toil and love. Form for us men who are reasonable, men capable of trampling upon the empty splendors of barbaric glories, capable of resisting the sanguinary desires of those nationalisms and imperialisms which crushed their fathers.

'Let there be no more industrial rivalries; no more wars; let us have work and peace. Whether we will it or not, an hour is at hand in which we must choose between being citizens of the world or spectators at the death of civilization.

'My friends, permit me to express an earnest wish which I must put before you incompletely and all too rapidly, a wish whose master idea, however, seems to me to be of a kind able to find root in all generous minds. With all my heart I look forward to a day when a delegation of teachers of all nations shall ally itself with the Workingmen's International, to prepare in concert with that organization a programme of universal education which shall sow in young minds the ideas from which the

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peace of the world and the union of peoples shall spring.

'Reason, wisdom, intelligence, forces of the intellect and the heart, you whom I have always piously invoked, come to my side, help me, sustain my feeble voice, carry it whither it will go, to all the peoples of the world; let it be heard wherever there are men of good will to hear beneficent truth.

'A new order of things is born. The powers of evil are dying, poisoned by their own crimes. The avaricious and the cruel, the devourers of peoples perish of an indigestion of blood. Nevertheless, sorely stricken by the fault of their blind or guilty masters, mutilated, decimated, the people stand erect; they will unite to form one universal people, and we shall see the accomplishment of the great Socialist prophecy — "The union of the workers will bring peace to the world."'

L'Humanitè

AN ENGLISH HILL

BY I. MAY

An English hill beneath an English sky,
Swept by strong sweetness of the chanting wind;
A hill uplifted to the solemn stars
Where first, when Dawn her opal gate unbars,
Shows the sun's pageantry;
And where, when grows the West incarnadined,
The light, that from the valley all has gone,
Lingers as if in voiceless benison.

An English hill that golden lads have trod,
Racing, fleet-footed, to th' empurpled crest,
Watching the pigmy village in the plain,
Leaping and laughing and, brief weary, lain
Stretched on the flowing sod.
A hill whose river on its ocean quest
Sets to its singing all the changing hours,
Through careless hedges starr'd with English flow'rs.

Such were their dreams on that immortal day,
When death than life more beautiful had grown;
Not unto marble statues, mould'ring brass,
Or fading names writ on some painted glass
Did their hearts, wistful, stray,
But to green ways, and sweet grass, all unmown,
In cool fields. In hallowed mem'ry still
Give them their dreams upon an English hill!

The Sunday Times

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REBUILDING A FRENCH VILLAGE

BY FREDERIC J. LIBBY

THE instinct of creation is a primal human instinct. Men might vainly envy the Creator the joy of the world's first daybreak when the morning stars sang together, were it not ours to fashion chaos into worlds, turn wilderness into heavy-laden fields, hew cities out of the forests and hills, ourselves, and shout for joy in godlike enterprises.

Such is the present work in France — creation. It happens to take the form of re-creation but it loses none of its significance for that. Aubréville, for example, had been a thriving village and had died. After two years of buffeting there came a day when the great guns were turned upon it with deadly intent and its fluttering life was crushed. It ceased to be. Owls hooted among its staring ruins. The moonlight was reflected from fragmentary walls, but no soul walked visibly in or out of the crumbling doorways. The traveler on the Verdun train three months after the signing of the armistice found only in the wrecked railway station any resumption of village activity. Life might pass through the dead arteries and veins, but no vitality came to the members. The village was waiting in death for the revivifying touch of Love.

La Mission des Amis from its new center at Grange-le-Comte sent an outpost to Aubréville early in February of the current year. It was a group of builders who with such help as could be given by another building unit and by the earlier Neuvilly équipe, erected a three-roomed Malabry house and a long army barrack for sleeping rooms. Each sleeping room was soon proved capable of accommodating four men. There were no women in the équipe in those days. Eve had not yet come to Aubréville. The colored soldiers who were guarding the American dump near the station found also no serpent. In fact, they were finding the place exceeding dull and sighed loudly for home.

The completion of living quarters for workers was promptly followed by their arrival. By the tenth of March there were a round dozen in the équipe, builders, aggies, cooks. The completion of the warehouse and the constitution of Aubréville as the distributing center of the region brought presently six more, warehousemen and truck drivers. The erection of houses amid the ruins began. Land, four years unturned except by the trench-spade, was now subjected to the rigid discipline of the plough and harrow propelled by the Mission tractor. From six in the morning until six at night its clatter was to be heard, weather permitting, in the huge piece of land above the équipe settlement. Other ploughs were held ready to rent at nominal prices to villagers as fast as they should return.

We say that the tractor ran, weather permitting. This permission was often refused in those March days and even well into April. Cold rains persisted day after day, week after week, as in the winter. Occasional bursts of sunshine brought hope that the gloomy spell was broken, only to deceive. Not until Easter did the sun become a familiar friend of builder and farmer. In May, though, the fine days became so continuous that there was widespread lament among the agriculturalists over 'the drought.'

The farmers were not the only ones who got on haltingly at Aubréville during the wet March. The builders were being delayed, too, but by other factors. Cars were arriving daily at the little station, cars of lumber, cars of tar paper, of cement and plaster, of

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houses; and they had to be unloaded, more was the pity, by men who longed to be throwing together houses like the sister-équipe at Neuvilly, by sixes and dozens. There was no escaping the imperative summons of those waiting and much-needed cars. Day after day and even weeks passed and still the cars came, and still only a paltry sprinkling of new Mission houses in the village showed that the Friends were at work. The freight yard filled and the warehouse nearly burst and finally overflowed into dugouts near by; but by the test of houses, Aubréville équipe was a failure.

It was early in April that German prisoners came to the rescue and made possible the great work that has been wrought since, by which a village has been restored to life. Some opposition to their employment developed in the Mission in those first days, despite the need. The similarity of prison labor to slave labor was remarked with some acerbity by men who knew in their own spirit and flesh what the former meant. But the opportunity of applying our principles as Friends to a class of men woefully in need of friendship outweighed theoretical objections with the majority both at Aubréville and throughout the Mission, and it was not long before eight Germans from a camp near Neuvilly had added their strength to the Aubréville group. They could not stay nights, but otherwsie they were like members of the équipe. They ate with us; they worked with us; we were friends. '*Heute ist wie im Himmel gewesen*' 'To-day has been as it were in Heaven' was the earnest comment of one of them at the close of his first day. 'Try to keep us till the end' was their request after three months of loyal service. Their coming released the builders for building, and a new era of productivity was inaugurated.

The very reasonable instructions carried out by the builders demanded that they try to make possible at once the return of the farmers and the tradesmen and others essential to the organized life of the village. First, a few farmers came back with their families to newly-built homes. Then a carpenter returned. A baker was needed, and he came. The post office, a schoolhouse and *mairie*, a hotel of five rooms, homes for railway employees, for more carpenters, for more farmers, finally a simple church — thus the village has come to life before our eyes. At night we would carry our tools away from a finished house, and, passing next day, we would find a cart being unloaded at the door and the beginnings of housekeeping visible. Two or three days more, and white curtains would hang in every window, a miniature flower garden would have been dug beside the door, and, after the Mission had held its chicken sale, a rooster would be crowing on an incipient dung heap in the front yard. Wars devastate and pass, but the French peasant remains faithful to tradition.

When women had made their appearance in the village in appreciable numbers, the time had come for women to join our hitherto monastic équipe. A veteran relief worker ventured first to spy out the land. Her report was clearly favorable; for scarcely had she gone when two gentleladies of the agricultural department were there hard at work planting kitchen gardens for the families that might reach the village in late spring. The drought, a blessing to the builders, cut seriously into the success of all young gardens and much of this labor went for little. The project was none the less admirable and the appreciation accorded it was proportionate to the effort, not the fruits.

The relief department followed hard

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on the heels of the agricultural department in assigning a permanent worker to our growing community. Children were now playing in our streets. A family was being reëstablished almost daily. The village was beginning to look alive. At the same time each household lacked many unprocurable necessities of decent living. To provide these invaluable trifles and to provide them in such a spirit as to express the great maternal heart of the Mission des Amis a woman was required. She came in the middle of May. It was her privilege to call from door to door and to become familiar with the more intimate life of individual families, to help those that needed help, to gather the children afternoons into a play-school, to distribute precious bed linen, to interpret in quiet conversations with wondering housewives the Mission's ideals and purpose. These conversations were supplemented at a concert which was given at the *mairie* during the latter half of June, to which all the village came and where after music and merriment the president of the Mission in happy phrases explained as clearly as can be done who we are and why we came to Aubréville.

Last and by no means least among the women to be added to the Aubréville group, was a housekeeper. She came in June. February would have been better. The Aubréville équipe is unanimously in accord with the opinion expressed in the Executive Committee not long ago that housekeepers are invaluable in maintaining the morale of every group of men. Let future expeditions of the Mission des Amis into Poland or Patagonia or Timbuctoo take notice!

As for the expedition to Aubréville, it is nearing the completion of its task. More than seventy families have now been provided with homes. Livestock has been found for them and sold at cost or less. A Coöperative Store has been equipped two kilometers away at Neuvilly, where food and clothing can be bought cheaply. A summer school which is to be maintained by a philanthropic villager has been stocked with books and other paraphernalia. Mission mowing machines are cutting the grass of a score of villagers centering in Aubréville, and they will be followed by community harvesters and threshing machines also lent by the Mission.

To direct this activity and to finish the last houses a small group will stay on through the summer. Before the August *Reconstruction* shall appear, however, the main body of the Aubréville équipe will have moved to Avocourt, there to begin a fresh creation. The Mission artist on a recent visit to this unhappy site found nothing standing but a crucifix with a bit of barbed wire hanging from one of its outstretched arms. When he visits Avocourt again, it may be hoped that it will be not crucifixion but resurrection to which, like Aubréville, the village will bear witness, life restored by Love.

Reconstruction

WHEN FRENCHMEN AND AMERICANS MEET

BY ROBERT DE TRAZ

In spite of the progress of knowledge, and the facility of traveling, it is clear that before the war the various nations had only false and incomplete ideas of each other. This reciprocal ignorance should be considered one of the causes of the conflict. It is a pressing matter that for the sake of the future of the world, allies should deepen their intimacy, and that enemies should actually get to know each other. We ought to see studies, psy-

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chological analyses, etc., undertaken from time to time, for races are forever changing, and one prejudice should not be replaced by another. Let me call to the general attention one of those volumes in which an inquiring spirit paints for his fellow citizens the characteristics of a foreign country.

Before me lies a brochure by Mr. John Erskine, entitled *French Ideals and American*, and dated from Beaune in the Cote d'Or. Mr. Erskine, once a professor at Boston if I am not mistaken, is the director of a university which has been created since the armistice for those officers and soldiers of the American Expeditionary Corps who wish to pursue higher studies. Mr. Erskine is a man of a wise and open mind, and I hold in high esteem the idea of France which he has put before his young hearers.

'Before the war,' he writes, 'Americans passed for being millionaires occupied with material interests. Later, while still continuing to be regarded as millionaires, Americans were considered as idealists. And when these crusaders landed in Europe their first cry was "What funny little locomotives!" So some concluded that since machinery interested them so greatly, it might be preferable for them to pay a visit to the Germans, who hold machinery in more honor. But if the Americans spoke thus, it was because they could but ill express their idealism. The Americans, like unto the French, put spirit above matter. Only it must be understood that the French genius has been doing so for centuries.

'Without doubt, the French do not attach to personal hygiene the importance which it bears in the eyes of the Americans. To make up for this, however, they do not slap the shoulders of new acquaintances, and call them by their first names. It is only in the United States that one finds the family living room wide open to the gaze of every passer-by on the street. There is an art of friendship and intimacy to which Americans have not yet attained. During the war the word *foyer*, in spite of its literary meaning, passed very naturally into the conversation of the French soldiery, so well does it translate the ancient need of the Latin to feel himself in communion with the earth, in touch with the air of home, with the definite locality in which so many generations have been born and have died. In the United States only two or three per cent of the soldiers, at the recruiting period, inhabited the towns in which they were born. An American says quite casually, "Let 's go home to the hotel," which implies that the home is where the valise is. And the family is for him only a group of personal relations without territorial ties.'

Mr. Erskine goes so far as to find religion in the love of a Frenchman for his native soil. If the agriculture of Burgundy does not resemble that of Wisconsin, it is because the French agriculture is less a quasi-industrial exploitation than a collaboration with Demeter and Bacchus. Therein lies the reason why this people prefer wine, a natural product, to beer, a manufactured product. Therein lies the reason why the French have so few children; it is the fear of having to divide the heritage and dilute the communion. American soldiers in France, seeing old roadmenders at work breaking stone with slight result, perhaps were astonished that these grandfathers were not in shelter and provided with a pension. But is it not more human after all to let the old fellow continue with his rôle of roadmender, thus preserving for himself an illusion that he is still good for something and worthy of a place in the world?

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As regards the life within, in America the mind follows a sentimental rather than an intellectual path; in France she follows the road of reason. For a Frenchman liberty consists in knowing himself at home and free to choose his way. There is no virtue in France unless one is independent, independent even of law. France, for the mental pleasure which it gives her, formulates concepts, systems, and laws; but she refuses to be their slave. She founds the Academie Francaise and then flouts it. While America sees in life a struggle against bad instincts and temptations, a conception from which she draws an ideal and a morality, France considers the world as neither good nor bad, and decides to force it to conform to an order and to a hierarchy — whence her ideal of intelligence and taste. More indulgent for a deliberate act if it corresponds even to a very free personal conception, she is more severe for an act whose sources are lying ones. She admits the lover and the saint; she despises equally the prostitute and the professional philanthropist.

For the American, art is an addition to existence, a museum luxury in which he rejoices if he has time and money. For the other, art is a matter of living one's daily life. If the Frenchman sometimes gives the impression of being artificial, it is because his civilization is not spontaneous but a hierarchy imposed upon nature. Consider the value in France put upon manners. 'Etiquette' is not a senseless routine but a symbolism which appeals to the imagination. Good conversation at the table and good service, for instance, serve to deck an inferior need. Thus the American soldiers ate standing up in the middle of the road or seated any which way by himself, while the French soldier was sure to find himself a place a little bit out of the way in which he could exchange thoughts with a few companions as well as eat.

Mr. Erskine's study is illumined with a fine and sincere generosity. What a noble effort of comprehension! Sometimes reproaches are cast at the American for being a young man of impetuous character and without delicacy. Let us not forget, however, that the American has all the possibilities of that youth to which he owes his enthusiasm, his sense of great things, his frankness, and his deep desire to know and to wonder.

Le Journal de Geneve

THE PERFECT HOLIDAY

BY J. J. BELL

'THE perfect holiday ——,' began the man with the mild eyes and silky beard.

'Exists only in the wealthy imagination,' finished the Lawyer.

'Come, come, Barlow!' the former gently expostulated.

'There 's always a fly in the ointment,' the Lawyer asserted, with a law-courtly gesture.

'Don't know what you want with ointment on a holiday,' remarked the student of the sports page, and his neighbor, intent on *Reviews of Books*, murmured:

'It's the flies in everything that spoil holidays for me. For me the perfect holiday would be on the sea — not by it — if only my stom——'

'Nothing like a yachting holiday!' exclaimed the youngest in the compartment, who looked as though a sardine would have proved fatal.

'Got a yacht?' demanded the Lawyer.

'Well — a — not exactly; but a pal of mine. . . .' Under the legal eye the speaker blushed and became incoher-

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ent. It was evident that he had shot his bolt.

The painful pause was Silky Beard's opportunity.

'Give me moor and mountain,' he valiantly declared, 'and no impedimenta — merely a knapsack and a stout staff!'

'And filthy bogs and soaking fogs, not to mention wild bulls and unmuzzled dogs,' said the Lawyer, grinning.

'Suggests a big pot of ointment, that does!' the Sportsman observed, folding up his paper and producing cigarettes.

'What's your holiday?' the Lawyer snapped at him.

'Golf, of course! Golf every time, and all the time! Two rounds a day ——'

'And as many a night as the landlord will let you have!'

The Sportsman smiled with good-humored superiority. 'Nothing to touch golf; gets you away from everything; takes you out of yourself — the only decent game for a sane man!'

'Then you imagine that the golfing holiday does you good?'

'What? Rather!'

'Look here, I'll lay you a crown that you come back from it with a temperature above normal, irritable, given to bad language, and generally below par.'

'Make it six-and-eightpence, and I'll take you!'

A laugh came from the Little Man in the corner, who had hitherto been silent. His countenance suggested a recent shave with a potato-peeler.

The Lawyer turned upon him. 'A fisherman, are n't you?'

'I consider the fishing holiday as perfect as any holiday can be.'

'Really? Then you are rejoicing in the present mixed weather!'

'No, I'm not. I've had my holiday.'

'Not much doing, I suppose,' the Sportsman sympathetically remarked.

'Well, I managed to land a few rather decent ones. One, in fact, was fully ——'

'No, no!' the Lawyer interposed. 'We are not going to listen to you. You golfers and fishermen are far too self-centred, not to say cocky.'

'Come, come, Barlow!' muttered Silky Beard.

Said the Bookish Man: 'I have often imagined the pleasures of fishing. If it were n't for the flies ——'

'The flies never bother me,' said Silky Beard.

'No, I should not think they would!' said the Lawyer.

For a moment Silky Beard looked puzzled, then proceeded —

'When I spoke of the perfect holiday on moor and mountain, I ought to have included a trout-stream. Grilled trout ——'

'I presume,' the Lawyer put in, 'you slay them with your stout staff and cook them in your blessed knapsack ——'

'I happen to be capable of handling a rod,' said the other with dignity.

'You have just informed us that your perfect holiday involved nothing but a staff — why the devil can't you call it a stick? — and a knapsack. And now you find you also require a rod, fishing-basket, fly-portfolio, landing net, worms and whiskey ——'

'I don't take whiskey, sir!'

'Only worms? It does begin to sound like a "perfect holiday!"'

'Ha, ha!' guffawed the Youngest, who might well have been more sympathetic, and Silky Beard, giving up the unequal contest, rose and got his attaché case from the rack.

'Don't you ever have a holiday yourself, Mr. Barlow?' ventured the Bookish Man.

'Never!'

'Of course, he does!' cried the Sportsman. 'Come along, Barlow;

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strictly between ourselves, what is your idea of the perfect holiday?'

'Chloroform!'

And just then the train reached its destination.

No one believed the Lawyer.

But, later in the year, the Bookish Man stumbled on a discovery. Let him tell of it.

'I went to the seaside as usual. On the last afternoon of my stay — the flies, by the way, were awful! — I was walking on the beach when I came upon a family group. A stout lady, novel in hand, was dozing beneath an unbrella. Near by five children were amusing themselves with a man. One little girl twined dried seaweed in his few remaining hairs, while her sister daintily sifted sand down his back. A little boy was busy filling the paternal panama with sand and insects, with the intention, as he decared, of anointing and crowning the paternal pate therewith. Two little boys, screeching all the time, were burying the paternal legs. . . . You have guessed that it was Barlow, though at first I did not recognize him. His complexion was crushed strawberry color with a frightful gloss; his eyes suggested sleepless nights, his ——'

'Did you speak to him?'

'Could n't avoid it. He roused his wife — a managing person when awake — and introduced me. In the course of conversation she assured me that her husband was having a Perfect Holiday.'

The London Chronicle

WANDERING IN SINN FÉIN LAND

BY JOHN EGLINTON

WHILE visiting the centre and west of Ireland lately, we found ourselves at times speculating as to the inner life of an Irish country town. By the term 'inner life' we do not mean the life symbolized in the town of Ballinasloe, for instance, by the huge steeple which attracts the eye for many miles around. We are rather thinking of the kind of life to which such poems as *The Jolly Beggars* or *Tam o' Shanter* admits us. There must surely be a life of which the stranger sees nothing, although indeed it seems possible to tell what most of the inhabitants are doing. We suspect, after all, that life is mostly taken up by these simple and obvious doings, not only here but everywhere, till someone like Robert Burns comes along to create a little temporary stir. Human life everywhere is spread rather thinly over the surface of time, but deepens occasionally into those moments when it finds an interpreter. Someone has been writing in this journal of the school of realistic writers which has begun to interpret life in Ireland: but there is this peculiarity about most of the writers mentioned, that they seem relieved to be 'out of' the phases of life which they describe. By the unsparing quality of his realism we may estimate the writer's personal detachment. The mood of such realism is very different from the mood of *The Jolly Beggars*, in which the writer himself appears to rejoice in his theme: 'Pat M'Carty,' in the North, is the only Irish writer of this kind whom we can think of. We might go far in Ireland with this notion of literature as primarily a vehicle of escape.

Wandering through Sinn Féin Ireland, it is remarkable how little one sees of Sinn Féin. Except for such legends, whitewashed up on the sides of houses, as 'Up Dublin,' 'Up the Rebels,' 'Don't vote for the English Hack,' etc., there is nothing anywhere to remind us of fierce and resentful passions. So it has been all our days in Ireland. We have heard of fierce

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doings, as if a lion had been out ravaging the countryside, and when we come to the place, the rage of a lion seems not more difficult to believe in than that murder and outrage have passed that way. If you go out to see Sinn Féin you will not find it: Sinn Féin being in fact a wild and turbulent idea which is wandering up and down Ireland at present like a mythical monster. In a little town by the western shores of Lough Derg, for instance — a delightful little place, with a shore-road bordered with St. John's wort and a low Jack Yeats wall, running round by the pier under the village — there had recently been wild scenes, the military having drawn a cordon across the top of the street and fired some shots; and the four rather sad-looking constabulary men stationed there wore revolvers. The mythical monster had, it appears, actually incarnated itself in these groups of young fellows playing pitch and toss in the road above the little pier. Sinn Féin is a dragon which has issued forth once more in these days from the dark irrational forest of Irish folk-memory and tradition. If it has a vulnerable point, no policeman's revolver will find it. Nevertheless, there are certain ideas of which it is afraid and which it never comes near, and for fear of them, perhaps, it never continues its depredations long in the same locality. In likening Sinn Féin to a dragon, however, and indicating thereby that some champion of the type of Perseus or Siegfried is required, rather than military force, to deliver the country from its depredations, we are far from suggesting that it is an entirely ignoble monster. Some of its heads and limbs have been said, by those who profess to have seen it, to bear a likeness to those of a beautiful woman. We half expect, in fact, when our Irish Siegfried has appeared and has tracked the monster to its lair, that he will discover that it is Kathleen Ni Houlihan herself who has been the victim all this time of a gloomy metamorphosis. It is an idea for which we wait, an idea which must embody itself in the beauty as well as the strength of this chimera.

The most interesting person at Mountshannon was one of the four constabulary men already mentioned, with as ingratiating a pair of eyes as we have looked into anywhere. Sinn Féin, he said, was dying out, by which he meant no doubt that the dragon had disappeared from that neighborhood. He proved to be a bookish man, a native Irish speaker of County Kerry, much interested in a member of his clan, the famous poet Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan. He spoke sadly of his relations with the young people of the district, most of whom would not speak to him, and boycotted him and his colleagues. 'The proper way to run this country would be to put in foreigners to do his job; the Ghurkas or Chinese would do it better,' he said, 'than an Irishman who had got Mass that morning.' This policeman, discharging his tasks in a spirit of 'detachment from works,' for which the philosophy of the East would have applauded him as a 'perfect performer of action,' has left us with an image of saintly toleration. Or was he in an intrinsically false position, from which he should have extricated himself at all costs had he been the saint we took him for? The truth was, he did not regard Sinn Féin in itself as a very serious affair, any more than did most Nationalists of the old school with whom we talked. Our host in a public house in Killaloe expressed his opinions in a comprehensive phrase. 'Ireland is one big lunatic asylum,' he said, 'and we are all inmates.'

As we arrived at the door of our

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hotel in Ennis, a young man came out and began to scold an old fellow who was standing outside. 'What were you thinking about when you allowed your religion to be spoken about like that? You should have given him a touch of your ash plant. 'Tis the best argument with some of these people!' The reply of the old man, who seemed a good deal taken aback by this onset, was somewhat remarkable: 'I did n't know he was n't an Irishman!' This reply, which appeared to mollify the angry young man, seemed to define the principle of toleration accepted in Ireland — a little short, perhaps, of perfect toleration, yet on the whole a reasonable and not illiberal principle. Why should an Englishman lean over a bar in an Irish country hotel and lecture Irish folk about their most ntimate affairs? It was a breach of good manners which perhaps warranted a touch of the ash plant. On the other hand, the implication that Irishmen were themselves at liberty to thresh out their thorny private differences among themselves with what force of reasoning they could muster, was welcomed by us. We took heart from this little incident to speak freely both about Sinn Féin and other matters in these columns, in which we are permitted to speak of life as well as of letters.

The Irish Statesman

THE PASSING OF THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

BY D. WILLOUGHBY

A LITTLE while ago the Duke of Marlborough made a somewhat disconcerting communication to the press. His letter contained a threat. Attention of its readers was, in the first place, called to the lavish manner in which the class to which the Duke belongs had exercised the 'traditional English virtue of hospitality.' Secondly, one was reminded how many public services had been freely performed by that same class. Thirdly, and lastly, it was suggested that its members, to escape the incidence of taxation, might decide to quit lands and houses and to join the ranks of the idle rich. At first glance there did seem to be something rather alarming in this prospect, for few things could be more deplorable than a further depopulation of the countryside, and one had an uneasy vision of an emigrant ship conveying the owner of Blenheim and other sons of the soil to some asylum in the south of France. Reflection allayed dismay, or, rather, it brought one to see that the worst prophesied by the Duke is already a matter of history.

The great territorial landowners, for whom alone he has a right to speak, have never been the flesh, bone, and fibre of the counties. At best they have been but birds of passage. At stated seasons of the year rural England has enjoyed their presence, but the exigencies of their lives have compelled them always to pass a great deal of their time elsewhere. Mayfair and a moor in the Scottish Highlands have claimed them, and there have been weeks of recuperation on blue water or in foreign parts. Somehow or other, when blinds are drawn in hall or castle and the flag no longer flutters from the tower, existence in the village seems to lose only its froth and nothing of its essence. The magnates, whose departure is foretold, have rated too highly their importance in the agricultural community. Their hospitality, to which attention has been called, has always had about it a flavor of the town. It has been an affair of invitations and set occasions, never of the open door which among your true countrymen is the mark of a hospitable

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house. As to public services, they have been mostly performed at Westminster, which, as they say in Sleepy Hollow, is a very distant place, and never did much for the likes of us. In the days of their greatest power the territorial nobility was in its whiggery nearer to the metropolis than to the countryside where the king over the water was still being pledged in homebrew. To-day, its influence in local politics is largely vicarious. Even on the county bench, so long a preserve for the landed interest, its members have been notoriously prominent by their absence.

Not in Blenheim Palace or any such lordly mansion would one have sought the men who in old days were, for good or ill, moulding the destinies of most English England. In the social history of those times the houses of most account were those of the squires, they who from year's end to year's end seldom moved more than a dozen miles from their gates, had their hearts in flock and field, in rough sport, in the hail-fellowship of neighbors of their kind. 'The little independent gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum,' as the antiquary Grose styled him, was a salient figure in the life of the land. To the county town he went only for elections and assizes; to church he went regularly; to the alehouse often enough. Walking, as well as riding, he carried a whip that he might smack it, and he gave warning of his coming by the view-halloo. In his young days he was generally a great fellow with the wenches, and if he had not the Frenchman's *droit du seigneur*, that, maybe, made small difference. His literature was the weekly gazette, *The Complete Justice*, and a book on *Farriery*. With so much learning he was natural arbitrator in all disputes concerning the government of the parish.

'Alas!' wrote the excellent Grose, before the eighteenth century had ended, 'these men and their houses are no more . . . the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighboring lord, or else to some nabob, contractor, or limb of the law.' The American war, followed by the French war, not to mention increasing taste for luxury, meant the end of the old order. It would be easy to draw a parallel with changes in our own age, but it would be only specious. When the old-fashioned merchant or attorney bought his place in the country, he came to it with intention there to pass the rest of his years, and regarded himself as founder of a family which should take root in his newly bought acres. The latest purchasers of land are of another kidney, and their motor-cars are symbols of their transience. Anywhere within sixty miles of a great town they are likely to be mere week-enders, persons to whom wood, arable, and watered meadow are so much pleasure ground. If their property prove, as it often does, a disappointment, they will move to another shire, leaving behind but a trail of dust.

The country house, with such occupants, may for a little while blaze with light and ring with gayety, and the folk of the district are agreeably awed by the ostentation of wealth. The *nouveau riche*, with a weakness of which he could never have been suspected in the city, makes his bid for social prestige, and up to a point he finds his poor neighbors submissive, but secretly they despise him. One cannot honor a man who does not know a field of wheat from a field of barley, and cannot distinguish a bull from a bullock. Moreover, when 'trade's unfeeling train usurp the land,' a crop of troubles usually arises. The old squire may have been a stickler for every right given him in the faded ink of his

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parchments, and his interpretation of the game laws was not always wise or liberal, but he had a decent respect for such rights as law or custom allowed to others. His successor, with character formed in the school of competition, believes in the weakest going to the wall, and has no other precedent to guide him. If he has bought the soil of a piece of common as appanage to his sporting estate, he will resent the ancient women who from time out of mind have come thither to gather kindling-wood. If an immemorial right-of-way lies through his property, he will see it only as a path for the convenience of poachers, and will put a hedge or wall across it. Should cottages, dilapidated but not necessarily beyond repair, have been included in his purchase, he will view them as so much brick and slate for the erection of garage or other modern convenience at the manor house he is renovating.

Quickly won and quickly lost is the popularity of the city gent turned country gentleman. He comes from what Cobbett called the Wen, and to the Wen he often returns, vowing vengeance against the prejudice, ingratitude, and opposition he has met in the rural community. One does not regret his going, and yet, if the country house is to be inhabited at all, who is to live there? The squireen, the original Tony Lumpkin, went long ago to happier hunting grounds, but what has become of those who took his place? Where are the descendants of the *marchand enrichi*, of whom Montalembert, on a visit to England some sixty years ago, still could write so hopefully? Some of them, by judicious marriages and investments away from land, have joined the ranks of the territorial nobility, and as such are but half countrymen or less. Others, who had not their good fortune or wisdom, who had put their all at the hazard of harvests, were broken by the agricultural depression of the eighties and nineties. The few who by cutting down every expense contrived to hold to their homes from sheer love of them, and in defiance of every principle of business, are lonely figures on the English map to-day. A copse, a field or two, a paddock of rank grass, may be all they hold outside the house which for three or four generations has sheltered their people. Taxation will not spare them, but they will not be able to plead with tales of costly entertainment or distinguished public services. They are proud as poor, and poor as pleaders. They are those who have drawn into their shells, and they do not delude themselves with an idea that the world will be deeply moved if they perish in their shells.

Mr. Gladstone once hinted broadly that land-owning was an occupation only suitable for those who did not look on it as a source of revenue, or, in other words, for those who had made, or were making, their money elsewhere. Doubtless it is suitable for them, but recent experience does not show it to be suitable for the land, nor for those around them whose livelihood, whose very lives, are in the land. Purchasers of property, even if their wealth saves them from the temptation of rack-renting, are seldom pure philanthropists. A big head of game looms larger in their ambition than a model village, and their notion of good cultivation is three-parts cover for partridges, under a tenant who uses neither snares nor ferrets. There is better hope in the farmer himself when he chooses to become landlord. If he has not the means to inhabit such country houses as those of which Mr. Galsworthy writes, nor to imitate the state of a Sir Aylmer Aylmer, he is often a man of moderate riches. Too

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much a materialist, perhaps, to satisfy those who have dreamed of a new dawn for 'England's green and pleasant land,' he will yet avoid the cruder mistakes of strange invaders. He understands the earth's nature, and has at least some sympathy with its people. What he lacks to-day is confidence. He is doubtful about buying; doubtful about bringing up his sons in the old life. But, if the gap is to be filled, I know no other than the farmer who can fill it.

Possibly the whole of our land system will in the next score of years or so come under revision. Park and chace, woodland and wide fields, may all presently be turned into so many allotments under peasant proprietors or state ownership, and then the country house will, if it exist at all, be merely the sleeping quarters of a townsman no longer concerned even to play at rusticity. Such a change may prove to be for the greatest good of the greatest human number, but I hope that in an intensively cultivated England asylums will yet be kept for bird and beast. I hold small brief for the pheasant and none for the fox, both too long a fetish with the powers that were, but for solemn rooks, gay squirrels, and all the company of songsters I would ask protection from those who may come to work or dwell where the old house so long stood embowered by its trees.

Everyman

MODERN LOVE SONG

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

Now that the evenfall is come,
And the sun fills the flaring trees,
And everything is mad, lit, dumb,
And in the pauses of the breeze
A far voice seems to call me home
To haven beyond woods and leas.

I feel again how sharply stings
The spell which binds our troubled dust
With hint of divine frustrated things —
The Soul's deep doubt and desperate trust
That She at sunset shall find wings
To bear her beyond NOW and MUST.

So place your head against my head,
And set your lips upon my lips
That so I may be comforted —
For ah! the world so from me slips,
To the World-Sunset I am sped
Where Soul and Silence come to grips
And Love stands sore-astonishèd.

The Owl

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THE POETRY OF A. E. HOUSMAN

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON

I HAVE always held that a poet need not be a poet; that, in fact, he may even be something quite other than a poet, and yet contribute to our great heritage of song. I shall not quote instances, although there are many, but one of the most remarkable in our time is that of Mr. A. E. Housman, about whom we know very little, save that he is a professor of Latin at Cambridge University, a philologist of distinction, and, most important of all, author of *A Shropshire Lad*. It is a book whose title forms very little indication of the contents. It might be a novel, or a play, or a dissertation on the youth of Salopia. But it is none of these. It is also a very little volume, but big with poetic importance. During the last thirty years or so much fine poetry has been added to English literature, but few if any poets satisfy so completely both the demands of literary opinion and the human heart.

Alfred Edward Housman was born on March 26, 1859, and was educated first at Bromsgrove School, and afterwards at St. John's College, Oxford, where he took his M.A. degree. From 1882 to 1892 he followed the humdrum pursuits of a higher division clerk in the patent office. In the latter year scholarly predilection took him from the Civil Service, and he became Professor of Latin at the University of London, a position held by him until 1911, when he was appointed to the Chair he still occupies at Cambridge. He has also attained the distinction of honorary membership of his college at Oxford. His poems were published in 1896, but his literary work since that date has been devoted entirely to classical and philological studies. In 1903 he edited *Manilius*, Book I, and Book II in 1912; in 1905 he performed a like service for *Juvenal;* for the rest the printed results of his scholarship may be found in the files of the *Journal of Philology*, the *Classical Review*, and the *Classical Quarterly*. Such facts are all that Mr. Housman will permit to be published. He has no sympathy with the modern craving for personalia, and the fact of his having written a volume of poems, which is treasured wherever there is love of good poetry, does not, in his opinion, form a sufficient excuse for the toleration of a nearer public approach. Naturally we should like to know more of the man who wrote such perfect poems during a limited period of his life, and then, for some unknown reason, laid down the lyre, apparently forever. There is this, however, to be said: The poems of A. E. Housman have won the hearts of poetry-lovers without any exterior aid. They have been advertised very little; remarkably few articles have been devoted to them, and, as we have seen, their author has consistently avoided anything which could be construed as personal propaganda. Housman has put himself into his work and kept himself out of the shop window. Let us, therefore, turn to the man as revealed in his work.

If I were a poet I would crave no higher acceptance (I do not think there is any higher acceptance) than

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that of those who are living the strenuous life of the hour in whatever walk it has pleased fate to call them. If, in addition, I received the appreciation of those who were cultured and scholarly, I should be doubly pleased. Now I think the poetry of A. E. Housman has qualities which compel both forms of acceptance. Let me give an instance of the sort of thing I mean. I met an acquaintance who had returned to England from one of the wildest parts of Central America. The war, he told me, had so affected his affairs out there that he had no recourse but to return home. 'And what are you doing with yourself?' I asked; and I want you to mark well his reply. He did not say 'Nothing in particular,' or 'Oh, just loafing around,' although he was doing nothing in particular from the average point of view. He said: 'I am staying down at —— (mentioning a military encampment near London), reading *A Shropshire Lad* to the soldiers — and, by gad! don't they love it!'

Incidentally, and surprisingly, taking into account Housman's scholarly life, many of the poems in *A Shropshire Lad* move to the sound of bugles, and all of them are robust as a man of action rather than a scholar might understand robustness. Yet they have none of the staccato boisterousness which distinguishes the soldier poems of Rudyard Kipling, or the traditional romanticism of the sailor poems of Sir Henry Newbolt. I use the comparison not in disparagement of either Kipling or Newbolt, but by way of distinguishing one type of poetry from another. Housman is equally robust, or manly, if you like, but he brings deeper reflection to his theme, less apparent effort, and he is passionate where they are emotional. He does not depend for effect upon the heroics of splendid activity, but upon the meditative reactions of soldiering. For instance, let us take his moving lyric called 'The Recruit':

Leave your home behind, lad,
And reach your friends your hand,
And go, and luck go with you
While Ludlow Tower shall stand.

Oh, come you home of Sunday
When Ludlow streets are still
And Ludlow bells are calling
To farm and lane and mill.

There, in brief lines and simple words, you have concentrated the feelings of those who lose a lad to soldiering, and they imply the feelings also of the recruit himself in association with home sights and sounds. But there is no mawkish regret. The pensive note is natural and universal. You find it also in the popular music-hall ballad, 'We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go,' put, of course, less poetically and less profoundly, but none the less truly. Nor does Housman reject the martial and patriotic appeal of soldiering:

And you will list the bugle
That blows in lands of morn,
And makes the foes of England
Be sorry you were born.

The patriot element of the poems does not depend for effect upon flags and trumpets. Cheers and tears companion one another, and such tumult as they have inward, the beating of a humble and a contrite heart at the tragedy of patriotic heroism and sacrifice.

The two themes, tragedy and heroism, go hand in hand; not apart, as in false romance. Housman's soldier is brave in the great spirit. He does not go to war convinced that he will escape with his life; he goes to war convinced that he may lose his life, and, because it is necessary, he goes willingly, cheerfully, hoping for nothing but the good luck of good fortune.

Nor does the poet forget the more

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human accessories of soldiering. He does not separate his Shropshire lad from love and good cheer. You feel always that there is a girl lurking in the background with warm heart for the soldier lad, and, at the end of the day's march, a tankard of ale:

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold;
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

And somewhere the soldier's thoughts go back to the girl he left behind him:

Is my girl happy
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?

You get glimpses of soldiers marching away, and of mothers' eyes and hearts following them, and you are given to understand that such things are hard to bear on both sides, as you always did understand, although you never tire of being reminded of it; and also that there are valiant hearts capable of facing and bearing such trials. In a beautiful lyric the quintessence of regret is revealed with a master's touch:

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipped maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

Some of Housman's lyrics have all the grace of the little songs of the Shakespearean era.

The philosophy of the poems may be described as a cheerful pessimism. You are reminded somewhat of Omar Khayyám — with the mysticism left out. But the fatalism is all there, although it is never the reconciled, and, on the whole, hopeless fatalism of the East. I cannot find any marked trace in Housman's point of view of hopefulness for to-morrow. There is sufficient of pain and joy in to-day, and the net result of the whole business of life is somehow good. Life is a buffeting, but there is joy in the battle:

Clay lies still, but blood 's a rover;
Breath 's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad; when the journey 's over
There 'll be time enough to sleep.

One would imagine that the author of *A Shropshire Lad* took the same view of death as Walt Whitman. Not so much that death is a benignant mother, welcoming all at length with open arms; although equally benignant, death for him is more in the nature of an impersonal fact steeped in the infinite wisdom of quietness. Since we needs must die some day, and since it is our nature to stave off that day as long as possible, it is on the whole wise to die. He is reconciled as the philosopher is reconciled:

Yet down at last he lies
And then the man is wise.

There is one poem in the little book in which the Housman point of view seems to have crystallized. The poet is upbraided by 'a Shropshire lad' for his melancholy lay, and he is bidden to 'Pipe a tune to dance to,' and the implication is that beer is more exalting than such verse:

Why, if 't is dancing you would be
There 's brisker pipes than poetry.
Say, for what were hopyards meant,
Or why was Burton built on Trent?
Oh many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.
Ale, man, ale 's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think:
Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world 's not.

But actually the poet refuses to do so, for the reason that he is aware of the mischief following such proceedings. I do not know whether we are to take literally the poet's confession that he

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has often been to Ludlow Fair and left his necktie God knows where! I should say not. But I think we are justified in taking literally the following explanation of his own attitude to his own muse:

Therefore, since the world has still
Much good, but much less good than ill,
And while the sun and moon endure
Luck 's a chance, but trouble 's sure,
I 'd face it as a wise man would,
And train for ill and not for good.
'T is true, the stuff I bring for sale
Is not so brisk a brew as ale:
Out of the stem that scored the hand
I wrung it in a weary land.
But take it; if the smack is sour,
The better for the embittered hour;
It should do good to heart and head
When your soul is in my soul's stead;
And I will friend you, if I may,
In the dark and cloudy day.

People are frightened of the word pessimism, and the word optimism has become a folly and a weariness of the flesh. Nowadays it is tripped about the market place like a vain thing, so that wise folk shun it. But one should beware of labels whatever they are. Actually there is no pessimism and less optimism. Those of us who are blessed with health of body and mind, and even those who have only health of mind, are impelled by instinct to be as happy as possible, so long as they are not thinking about their little or their great woes. Perhaps, after all, happiness that comes naturally is the only form of health, and the healthy person resents a spurious happiness whether in verse or laughter. Housman must be ranked among the happy poets because he is strong enough to look sorrow in the face.

Despite the eternal regret which Housman shares with the Book of Ecclesiastes, with Lucretius, with Omar, with Keats, his most restless lines burn with the bright stillness of Pater's gem-like flame. It is the stillness of depth and intensity; an English calm of manner reflecting balance and control of feeling. A. E. Housman is very English, and his sense of love reaches nearest to passion at thought of the English scene. Shropshire in all her pastoral loveliness lives in his verses and there is no shire more English despite its proximity to Wales. Whether he sings of noble Shrewsbury herself where

The flag of morn in conqueror's state
Enters at the English gate:
The vanquished eve, as night prevails,
Bleeds upon the road to Wales;

or Ludlow; or Teme or Borne or Severn, or 'the wild green hills of Wyre,' the Wrekin, or 'the high-reared head of Clee,' he catches and enchains in his art the color and character of place and the love thereof. Generally he achieves his effects by the difficult way of simplicity. He has no tricks either of metre or manner. He sings in the great tradition. Sometimes he surprises by the fine excess of well-conceived imagery, but more often by excessive fineness of thought and feeling in fastidiously chosen and inevitably placed words of the simplest class. He is a poet apart from 'movements.' The decadence which saw the birth of *A Shropshire Lad* passed it by. Housman was in it, but not of it. While every young poet of the nineties was dipping his bucket into foreign and often not very clean wells, he was quaffing the undefiled waters of English song. Something of the spirit of folk-song, something of Elizabethan lyricism, something of peasant dialect song, but in normal language, and something of all that is sweet and strong and simple of the English poetry, which does not depend for attraction upon conceits or tricks, or need to experiment, because it is allied with a tradition which cannot die.

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THE JUBILEE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BY RICHARD WHITEING

THE Salvation Army is celebrating its jubilee, due some time during the war, but of course impossible then. Mrs. Bramwell Booth, the new commissioner, is now touring the provinces in honor of the festival; the Albert Hall has been filled on two occasions; Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and other great cities have had a share of attention, and they have not heard the last of it yet.

There is much to be said for these demonstrations, from the Army's point of view, and even beyond that. Democracy is in the saddle, and the Army has always been a democratic force. It has been a movement of the poor and the humble from the start, and has taught them to realize themselves in every attribute of power. It brooks no patronage from the other denominations, but simply invites the whole world to come and see for its own good. The organization is a marvel in the application of means to ends, each of them a portent as it came; the very name was the happiest of thoughts; it ministers to the sense of fight that is in all of us by giving the rapture of conflict minus the sin of legalized slaughter; banner, trumpet, drum, and sounding titles without the tears of the battlefield. Years ago I was at Olympia for the funeral service of Mrs. Booth, the general's wife and the mother of the Army, and I sat by another motherly person, of quite another degree, who seemed to know all the celebrities of the occasion: 'Oh, there 's the colonel; 'im that 's jest set down. We git our coals of 'im, you must know, and you don't want no scales when 'e 's a-shouldering the sack. Jest a poor coaly; but see 'ow 'igh up he is in religion. And no pride about it either — speak to you or me in the open street. Ain't he a dear? 'Im what 's next to 'im 's what they call a briggydeer; and 'er — that 's a-turning the 'im-book — she 's 'is wife. She 's a capting, she is — last *Gazette*. The other one she's talkin' to 'is Consul ——. Would n't think it, would you? Them two pretty ones is commanders.' And so on — ladies and gentlemen, all by the magic of a title. The entire organization is cast in the iron mould of military service. The terms of enlistment are 'Articles of War'; the handbook for every department of life, public and private, is 'Orders and Regulations for Soldiers,' and the larger volumes for the use of Field and of Staff officers cover every branch of higher duty in its minutest detail. Even the 'Bands and Songster Brigades' are a fighting force. The country, at home or abroad, which is to be the scene of operations, is mapped out as for a campaign of invasion.

The summons to the women was a perfect master-stroke of the founder — the whole suffragist movement in embryo, almost before anybody had given it a name — the liberty of prophesying for a whole sex, in politics as well as in religion and in social life — George Eliot's Dinah Morris on her way to Parliament, and perhaps with aspirations to the Woolsack. Who knows? The simple theology, or rather no theology at all, was another bold

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and far-reaching scheme. The Fathers of the Church swept into limbo, with all their distracting glosses on the Book, and with the simplest elementaries, almost of childhood, to take their place. These were the sense of sin, the need of pardon, the sacrifice by which it was won, and the inestimable blessing of the act of faith that makes it attainable by all mankind. This was enough for the general — at any rate, it was as far as he cared to go in mere 'foundations.' He was by nature a man of his hands, a born fighter, and he made no secret of his preferences for 'an active, generous-fighting, daredevil corps, able and willing to drive hell before it.' I think he would have been happiest had his lot been cast in Canaan of old, and among the patriarchs he so much resembled in every feature. He would have enjoyed himself in a good bout with Satan and the idolaters, sanctified by the full approval of Paradise. His milder courses seemed sometimes but his reluctant compromise with the mansuetude of his time.

Another element of success was that his converts were made to smart for their faith; it was to be no case of piety without tears. This in itself goes deep down into human nature. The heroism comes from the very tyranny of the 'call'; the more hassock the fewer the kneelers at the mercy seat. He was as hard on his people as on himself. His orders were often in the nature of exactions. The officers were expected to make their stations pay, mainly by their own exertions. If they did not, they were soundly rated in the *War Cry*. 'What of their unsold copies of that journal — had they done their best? What of Brother So-and-So's high tea — had he pushed it to a profit?' Sometimes the victim turned in his own defense: 'his wife had bought all the currants out of her own pocket; the very elements had withheld their patronage — it was a rainy day.' Tribulation has ever been the life of the churches. Vibert, the French painter, no doubt had this paradox in view in his great picture of the Cardinal and the Missioner. Here, in a gorgeous apartment of the Vatican, a humble and awe-struck man admitted to audience, with nothing but his staff and scrip, ragged, baked almost to a cinder by the suns of the heathen lands, and almost cowering in adoration at the feet of his lordly hosts, with the hope of a benediction that will be his reward for all. There, the heads of the Church, perfectly aware that his devotion is the source of more than half their power.

Will the Army one day slacken for want of the driving force, and wane from too much respectability? In purely mundane affairs it is notoriously Poverty — Industry — Wealth — Luxury — Decline of energy — As you were — Back to poverty again. In religion may it not be much the same in other terms of experience? I ask a question — I do not give an answer even in my thoughts. Maybe the Sinners' Bench is not quite wicked enough now. In other words, has old Bendigo left no successor? — Bendigo the pugilist, and, even in that vocation, the shiftiest and meanest that ever lived. He could not have had a more unpromising start; born a Lamb — of Nottingham, and cradled in wickedness till his hairs were gray. Yet the Army tamed him, until he became a model of unction, even as a chuckerout.

The general was of the very stuff of the great propagandists; he never knew when to stop. He began, meekly enough, by claiming to use the public thoroughfares as places of worship, and after a sharp struggle he won. He went on, until he seemed to aspire to noth-

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ing less than the spiritual dominion of the whole earth. Hence his expeditions to well-nigh every state in Europe, and his upset with the United States, jealous, for their prerogative of individuality, of all importations from the Old World. The members of his family in charge of what headquarters would fain have regarded as the 'American province,' having to choose between the two allegiances, consented to become 'good Americans' by declining to take their orders from London. He never forgot that, if indeed he ever forgave. It was Gallicanism in a new phase. He might have done better if he had confined his labors to his own country, for necessarily what he gained in breadth he lost in depth. You can hardly have it both ways when the supply of energy is more or less a fixed quantity. He tried to meet the difficulty by rising to every opportunity of improved facilities of transit: at the age of seventy-four he took to the motor-car to enable him to increase his output. In our day he would have been scouring the skies at the rate of 100 miles an hour, and shouting sermons through the megaphone as he sped.

The Manchester Guardian

His travels — proportions duly allowed for — reduced those of St. Paul to a promenade. He shared every hardship with his people; and if any complained that he took more than his portion he could have said, like the animal in the fable, 'Because I am the lion.' Those of his household knew how it told on his strength; he alone seemed unaware. One of his eyes had long failed him; and, at the age of 83, the other had to be removed by an operation, followed by tortures that left him no peace; and total blindness supervened. All this without a service missed, beyond the bare necessities of the case. Three months after, as one of his biographers puts it, he 'laid down his sword.'

He had reserved the power of naming a successor, and he exercised it in favor of his son, the eldest of his children, who, since boyhood, had known his mind. This right of choice pertains to every holder of the office: the shepherd chooses the flock, not the flock the shepherd. But, as all history shows, there is no mortal means of ensuring the succession of faculty. The difficulty must be left as it stands.

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THE SILENT DRAMA

BY W. J. TURNER

I CONFESS to a strong repugnance to what the *Daily Mail*, in one of its fitful tributes to the classics, calls the 'Kinema,' but known to its multitude of lovers as the 'Cinema,' or the 'Cinny,' or the 'Pictures.' This distaste, far from having weakened, has strengthened with time. On the rare occasions when I go I am always entertained, though feebly, I admit, and with a sense of surprise. On the other hand, I am always annoyed, irritated, and thoroughly incensed at something or other. There is also something about the atmosphere of these places—perhaps I ought to say palaces, picture palaces — that is disturbing, and on reflection I feel sure that it is their air of finality.

By air of finality I mean their obvious assertion that they are the last thing in the world, that, after æons of unparalleled effort *homo sapiens* has at length produced this. And what is this? A structure of tin, iron, or wood and cement (mostly cement) with gilded protuberances as ornament, flimsy as a building, as architecture inferior to the mud huts of the Pallywals, and inside the darkness of the Styx and a picture, full of scratches and streaks, of men galloping on horses or burglars climbing into a house or soldiers marching past a bandstand. But I mean more than this by their 'air of finality.' I mean that one has the feeling that this is where the great mass of the population gets its real knowledge of the world, and that what they see on the films they believe. This is their well of truth, and they genuinely believe that truth can be obtained for sixpence, or, now that prices have gone up, for one and six. Even the peasant of one thousand years ago, who could neither read nor write, knew better than this, and in the legend in which he tells us what life has taught him he makes a god, even Odin, pluck out an eye in payment of a tiny draught of true knowledge. But the men and women of to-day — the townsmen and women — whose ignorance is all the more abysmal and dangerous for being coated with a thin foil of superficial knowledge, really think that the world lies behind a turnstile in Oxford Street or Tottenham Court Road.

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The cocksureness of the film is, to the uncontaminated spectator, amazing. It will give you everything exactly as it happened. Time and place present no obstacles to it. It will show you the Rape of Helen or the Fall of Troy or the Sack of Rome as readily as last week's polo match. Nothing in history is safe from the falsifying corruption of this most monstrous fakir. It would give us the Crucifixion if it were not restrained by a still flickering religious sentiment, and its distortions of contemporary events are as bad as its delusive spectacles of the past.

But, you will say, what about historical novels and all that literature which represents life, to say nothing of the theatre! To which I answer that literature and the drama live by their imaginative truth. The film makes no effort to attain imaginative

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truth, just as it makes no effort to appeal to the imagination. It simply says: 'You would like to see Marshal Foch? Here he is.' But its picture of Marshal Foch is a lie, in the sense that a photograph is a lie. We have a use for photographs; they serve a practical purpose; but if a friend dies we know that one of his letters brings his presence back to us more vividly than a million photographs. So that at its best the film does little for us, but when it gives instead of Marshal Foch at the Guildhall, Julius Cæsar landing in Britain, it does something which outrages life, mocking us with a ridiculous substitute for which no abuse is too strong.

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The only service the film can do us is to render an eternal picture of events which it has recorded as they happened. As an art medium it is the clumsiest and most inefficient ever devised by the wit of man; although many people think, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, that it must be the best simply because it is the newest. But let us imagine any single job that an imaginative artist might set himself to do. Let us imagine Mr. Wells setting out to reveal the soul of a man like Kipps or Mr. Polly! Imagine him having to do it by means of a film! Put Kipps in his draper's shop and does not the film immediately scream for a roaring farce? I could make a magnificent film, far better than anything I have ever seen, out of a young man serving in a draper's shop, showing the customers coming in, the shop-girls, the shop-walkers, the rolls of cloth, the ribbons, laces, hosiery, etc., all in action; but as for revealing character Mr. Wells could reveal more of man's character in a page of print than any billion-dollar American company in ten miles of film.

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But the Picture Palace rests secure on the modern city-dweller's lack of imagination. Art demands imaginative power in the onlooker, reader, or listeners, whether it be painting, literature, or music. The film demands none; like the merest gossip it will tell you all. It whizzes before your eyes reality, the world — and at such lightning speed that nothing is left upon the brain but a confused blur. It gives you that aspect of life which an inhabitant of Mars would get who stood for a few moments on an island in Oxford or Piccadilly Circus and gazed upon the traffic — of the reality locked within the breasts of the passers-by and of the lives they lead he would know nothing, but yet he would be under the delusion that he saw all. He would be under that delusion if he were a being of little imagination; which is precisely why the Picture Theatre is so dangerous a pleasure for its habitués, for it only lives by flattering and playing to that weakness.

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But now let me tell you of my last visit to a Picture Palace. We walked slowly down the street looking for it, and at last we saw close to the pavement a colossal figure covered in gold lace. We passed behind him, took our tickets, and proceeded upstairs, where, blinking in the dark, we sat, or half reclined, upon comfortable divans. We had been enticed thither, as a famous lady novelist would say, by an advertisement of a Charlie Chaplin film, for Charlie Chaplin seems to me to be the one genuine artist the film has given us. We discovered later that Charlie was on next week. This is the sort of thing that will always happen to a casual visitor. The picture showing was a drama of love, secret police, patriotism, German spies, and the Wild West all linked together in the most efficient American method; the

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idea obviously being to combine into one film as many popular stunts as possible. We were jumped from hotel to ranch and from ranch to hotel and succeeded in witnessing in every one of them the most exciting moments in the lives of a number of men, and this, I will admit, had much of the pleasure in an intensified form of a good detective yarn. The only objection I had was to the propagandist element in it and the crudity of the letterpress shown between the scenes. These explanations are the veriest drivel and ought to be cut. When a spy is found with a letter which the plot demands shall incriminate him let us not be shown the letter, which in the present instance read something like this:

'Stir up trouble between Mexico and the United States; get bombs ready, and graves dug.'

Why show rubbish of this sort? One does not want plot or coherence or intelligibility or explanations in a film picture; one only wants exciting scenes, men fighting or being ducked in ponds or being tracked by bloodhounds.

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The next picture was a comic one. In it two milk-bottle thieves had a series of wild adventures in the mansion of a retired cigar merchant. This film was full of invention; one ingenious incident succeeded another, and in places it was uproariously funny. Perhaps the best bit was where the two thieves try to smuggle away a safe under a carpet, but it was nearly all amusing and one of the thieves was one of the best imitators of Charlie Chaplin I have seen, though he constantly missed making points where his original would have scored.

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The film as a medium for farce has a future. The only films I have seen that I have enjoyed have been comic ones, although, by the way, let me record my absolute detestation of the popular 'Mutt and Jeff.'

Land and Water

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THE SUNKEN CITY

BY EDWARD L. DAVISON

GLITTERS no scale nor any fin
  Between these blind basaltic walls,
The wide weed waves about within
  The water of the pillared halls.

And here the old crustaceans
  Crawl patiently across the sand
With twisting eyes that turn askance,
  And ugly nippers that expand.

Light's essence in the gloomy sea
  Through opal strained and emerald,
Tinges the spread anemone,
  And pearls of milk and rings of gold.

But in this watery depth no more
  Shall sunlight break the sunken dust,
No vagrant beam of stars explore
  The secrets of the city's husk.

And when the climbing tentacles
  Of some sleep-swimming octopus
Disturb a ruined temple's bells
  And set the deep sea clamorous,

The ships that ride a league above
  Hear not those drownéd chimes, nor know
That where their great propellers move
  Atlantis lies a league below.

The New Statesman

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TWO SEPOYS

I. PRATAPRAO

BY C. A. KINCAID, C.V.O.

'ARE there any Maratha soldiers here?' I asked a gaunt Eurasian nurse who met me at the door. She paused for a moment and then said, in her curious country accent: 'Yes, there is one at the far end of the room. But he is a grumpy creature; I should not talk to him. There are some very nice up-country men here who would love to have a talk.'

I was standing in the main room of the small hospital at B——, near Poona. A double row of beds faced me; each contained a wounded Indian soldier. Overhead were large white punkas, but they were not in use, as it was the cold weather. From the beds looked out grave whiskered faces of Sikhs, round flat faces of Gurkhas, laughing roguish faces of Mussulman sepoys. They all looked at me with welcome in their eyes. But my business was not with them. They spoke Hindustani, and I spoke only Marathi. I went by their beds with a courteous salaam, and passed on to the far end of the room where lay the 'grumpy creature.' He was a heavily-built Maratha, and he lay gloomy and disgruntled, almost hidden by the bed-clothes. As I came near his face grew more forbidding than ever. Still I walked on until I stood close to his head.

'*Apan kase ahat?*' ('How are you?') I said to him in Marathi. The effect was magical. At once the scowl left his face and a broad grin took its place. 'The Sahib speaks Marathi? Sit down, Sahib, and talk to me. All the English who come speak to me in broken Hindustani. And I hate the language. Is it not the tongue of the Mleccha (the barbarian)?'

'Yes,' I said with a laugh, 'I speak Marathi. Now tell me all about yourself: who are you, and where do you live?'

'Yes, Sahib, without doubt I will. My name is Prataprao More. I come from the Krishna valley. Perhaps you know it? My village is Jor, just below Mahableshwar.'

'Yes,' I said, 'I know it well. I have been down there several times after panther.'

With wider grin and readier speech Prataprao went on. 'Then the Sahib will understand. I am one of the Patilki family, and we trace back our descent to the More of Javli of King Shivaji's * days.'

He paused, looking to me to continue the conversation.

'But when did you join the army?' I asked. 'Why did you leave Jor?'

'It was this way, Sahib. There was a feud in our village about June, 1913. The son of the officiating patil was a great mischief-maker. He ate up our assessment and then complained to the government that we had not paid. At last I could stand it no longer, and one day when a murder occurred in our

* King Shivaji was the liberator of the Marathi-speaking people from Mohammedan rule. He is now deified, and a thousand legends have gathered round his name.

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village I denounced the patil's son. The police came and with my help they prosecuted him, and the judge sentenced him to imprisonment for life. Thus we were rid of a rogue. But his father, the patil, hated me, and he harassed me in every way he could. Then the war broke out, and I thought that I should like to be a sepoy and leave the village. I spoke to my father, but he forbade me. He had heard dreadful stories of ships torpedoed in the black water. So he would not let me go with the recruiting havildar when he came to Jor. Some weeks later, however, an Englishman came to Jor. When the villagers heard of his coming they all fled into the jungle. They said to one another: "The government is lost. It sends round Englishmen to take the villagers by force to fight for them." But I stayed behind, resolved to speak to this Englishman if I could. I went to his camp and salaamed to him, and began to talk in such Hindustani as I knew, which was very little. What was my joy when the Sahib spoke to me in my own Deccan tongue! Then I told him with a frank mind all my trouble. I wanted to be a soldier. But was it true that all the sepoys who had left India had been drowned? "All lies!" exclaimed the Englishman. "Where is your father? Let me speak to him." I led him to a fold in the hills where my father and some twenty other villagers were hiding. Then he spoke to them their own tongue so simply and truly that they all believed him. And my father said: "Go, boy, with the Sahib. He will be kind to you." And I went with him, and twenty other youths of our village went with me. For indeed they could not help it. The Englishman stole our souls from out of our bodies.'

'Who was the Englishman?' I asked.

'His name was Captain Burram Sahib.'

'Captain Burram Sahib,' I repeated doubtfully. Then I remembered a tall, keen soldier who loved his men and who spent his leisure hours in learning their language, so that he might talk to them in it. 'Yes, yes, I remember,' I said — 'a fine soldier.'

'Well spoken, Sahib. He was the god Indra incarnate: Not a man in our company but would have died for him ten times over if it had been needed.'

'You were in his double company?' I asked. 'Yes, Sahib. We, the men from Jor, all asked that we might be placed in one of his companies. For we trusted him, as he knew our tongue. And he honored us by consenting.'

'Did you see any fighting? But you must have, or otherwise you would not have been wounded.'

'Yes, indeed, we went with the Sahib to Poona. And there they drilled us for some months, and at last they sent us to Busra, where the Poona brigade had landed and had beaten the Turks back up the Tigris. It was very hot in the city. The Konkan men did not mind it, but we men of the uplands felt it much. So the Colonel Sahib sent two companies of us Deccan men into camp on outpost duty. And Captain Burram Sahib was in command. We had great fun then, Sahib. The Arabs and Turks used to steal down to our camp and try to shoot us. And we would wait for them and try to shoot them as they stole up. But there was one Turk whom we could never catch. He always knew where we were watching and came by some other path, and every day he hit one of our sepoys. And daily Burram Sahib grew more wroth with him. One day he posted double sentries all round our camp so that we might surely catch this rakshas (demon) of a Turk. And that same evening he himself crawled round so that he might see that the sentries watched. In this way he came to

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where I and a comrade, Ramrao Mane by name, lay hidden. He spoke to us and then raised himself on his hands to peer over a boulder at the moonlit landscape beyond. A second later there was a thud: a bullet from that accursed Turk had struck my beloved Sahib in the chest. He rose, whirled round, and fell over.' Here the sepoy paused, for his throat choked his speech and two tears slowly trickled down his dark cheek.

'I and Ramrao picked up Burram Sahib and carried him to the camp, weeping as we walked. Next day they put him on board the hospital steamer at Busra. Thence, so I heard, they took him to Bombay, where they put him in a ship bound for Europe. But the hearts of all of us burned with rage against that murderous Turk, and Mane and I often talked how we should be avenged. But for many days it was idle talk. And daily the Turk killed or wounded one of our double company. At last I thought of a plan, and I said to Mane: "I shall treat this Turk even as King Shivaji treated the dog Afzul Khan." Your honor remembers the story?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'I know it well. King Shivaji met Afzul Khan outside Pratapgad fort; and during the interview he drove his steel tiger-claws which he carried in his hand into Afzul Khan's side, and with his other hand he stabbed him.'

'Hoy, hoy,' said the delighted sepoy. 'Even so I vowed I would treat this Turk. That very evening I clad myself as a Mussulman with a fez and white baggy trousers, and I crawled out toward where Burram Sahib had been shot. I carried no rifle, but in my left hand I had tiger-claws which the company armorer had made for me out of some nails driven through a piece of a kerosene oil tin. And hidden in my clothes was the short dagger which I had bought at the time the patil's son was troubling the villagers of Jor. For a time I saw nothing. Then I heard far away to my right a faint noise, and guessed that it was the Turk crawling toward our lines. I stood upright and salaamed several times in the direction of the noise, so that he might think that I was a deserter. My trick succeeded, for not long afterward I saw a dark body crawl noiselessly toward me. I lay flat on my face before him several times and said in Hindustani: "O Turk, I am a Mussulman and can no longer fight on the side of these kafirs (infidels). So I have come over to join those of the true faith in this jehad (crusade)." The Turk spoke not, but came closer still. At last satisfied that I had no rifle, he rose too and came close to me. And when he came near I saw that it was one Buland Khan, a havildar of the —th Punjabis, whom I had seen at Busra, and who, as I had heard, had deserted. Then I knew why it was he had known our camp so well and how he had shot so many of our men. When the Turk came quite close he said: "By Allah's grace you have seen the light; welcome as a true Ghazi." As he spoke he held out his arms to embrace me, and I also clasped him with mine. And as I did so I drove my claws with my left hand into his right side, and my dagger into his back with my right hand. With a cry he fell to the ground and begged for mercy. But I heeded him not, and with my dagger quickly sawed off his head, and carried it back with me to camp and showed it in triumph to Mane and the other sepoys.'

'But, Prataprao,' I said, 'that was cruel of you. You should not have so dishonored a fallen foe.'

The sepoy's brow clouded slightly, and he said in defiant tones, 'Does your honor think that King Shivaji dishon-

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ored Afzul Khan by cutting off his head?'

'No, no,' I said hastily, for I knew how touchy the Maratha is on all matters concerning King Shivaji. 'No; for he buried his head on Pratapgad, and then built a fortress over it. I myself have often walked on Afzul Khan's tower, and have looked from it into the Koyna valley below.'

'Even so did I not dishonor the Turk. I took his head back to our lines, and after the men had sufficiently feasted their eyes on it, we buried it just inside our trenches. And over it we placed upright a stone that bore a rude likeness to a human face. And we said, "Let us deem this stone to be the likeness of our ancient King, the divine Shivaji." And me they made the guardian of our little temple, as it was I who had won the Turk's head. So I painted the stone with red lead; for, as the Sahib knows, that is how we honor the images of our gods. And every morning I beat a drum in front of it, so that the god might wake. Then I bathed it and dried it, and placed rice offerings in front of it. And when the heat of the day came, I covered the image so as to shade it from the sun. Then again in the evening I roused it, and bathed it, and offered more rice to it. Daily I beat the drums in front of it to scare away evil spirits, and waved a lamp in front of it, so that its dazzled eyes might find sleep more easily. And always as I served the image, I kept King Shivaji in my mind and offered prayers to him. I did this for many days, and at night I slept quite close to my little temple. One day we had a long, weary march in the sun along the banks of the Tigris to a spot where we hoped to surprise a band of marsh Arabs. But they heard of our coming and escaped us. So we marched back, tired both with the heat and with our failure. That same night as I slept I dreamed that I saw King Shivaji standing before me. I had seen pictures of him, and I knew at once his hooked nose and thin cheeks, his black fearless eyes and resolute mouth. But he was clad in dazzling white raiment, and instead of two arms he had four.* The meaning of this I could not grasp until the words of an old Brahman priest of Jor flashed upon me. For often he used to tell us that Shivaji was not a man like the rest of us, but an incarnation of the great god Shiva. Then I looked again, and saw that while in two of his hands the King carried a dagger and tiger-claws, in the other two he carried a trident and a conch. Then I flung myself full length on the ground and cried —

'"God or King, or whoever thou art, have mercy. I did indeed give false evidence against the patil's son. But then he was a mischief-maker, and the curse of all Jor."'

Here I broke in and said: 'Do you mean, Prataprao, to say that you got the patil's son convicted of murder by false evidence?'

Prataprao saw that he had betrayed himself, and was at first too confused to speak. Then he muttered surlily: 'To ruin a foe deceit must at times be practised. Even Krishna practised it.'

'Never mind,' I said with a laugh; 'I daresay he deserved it.' For I began to fear that I should lose the rest of my story.

'That is so. I see that the Sahib now understands,' continued Prataprao, much relieved. 'And so too did King Shivaji. He spoke no word of the patil's son. He merely said, "Prataprao, I am pleased with your worship of me. I am ready to grant you a boon. What would you have?" I ought, no doubt, to have answered that I wanted the speedy triumph of the English.

*The possession of four arms is a characteristic of all Hindu gods and goddesses. The trident and the conch are always carried by the god Shiva.

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But in a dream one is not master of one's speech. I placed my forehead again on the ground and said: "Grant me, I pray thee, the life of our Burram Sahib. For he is ill unto death." The King smiled at me and vanished. Almost at once I awoke, and tears of joy were streaming down, for I knew the King had heard my prayer. And Mane and the other sepoys who slept near asked me what had happened. For my face, so they said, was shining as one who had seen a god. Then I told them. And they all salaamed to me. For they knew, so they said, that I had won Burram Sahib from the clutches of Yama, the god of death, by my unceasing devotion. But just then the havildar came up and asked the cause of our talk. And Mane told him. But he doubted my story. "Who knows," he said, "whether the tale is true or false, or whether the dream, even if Prataprao dreamed, had a meaning, or was not a mere creation of a tired brain? Let Mane and myself go to Johnson Sahib, who has just come to camp. He has in his hand a bundle of letters. Perhaps he has news of Burram Sahib."

'Mane and the havildar walked toward Johnson Sahib, and at a little distance I and one or two others followed, so that we might hear what they said. When the havildar came close to the Sahib he saluted, and asked in Hindustani: "The Sahib has received letters. He may have received news of Burram Sahib. I and the men of the company hope that Burram Sahib is well." The Sahib's face lit up with a smile as he replied: "Yes, indeed, havildar, I have just received a wire from the doctor. Burram Sahib reached England nearly well yesterday." The havildar and Mane saluted, and then we went back to our trenches. But that evening we paid great honor to the image, and covered it afresh with red lead, and gave it a great store of rice. And afterwards we ate the rice, and feasted, and carried the image round the camp in a palanquin. And I also received great honor. Even the havildar salaamed to me. For all knew that it was by my prayers and worship that Burram Sahib had come back from the claws of Yama ——'

'You must have been pleased at the honor paid you,' I said, for the sepoy had paused, and seemed unable to go on.

'Yes, Sahib, I was pleased alike at the honor paid me by men, and at the vision vouchsafed me by God. But that pleasure was a little thing compared with the joy I felt that our Burram Sahib would soon be well, and would come back to us to lead us against the Turk.'

And here the sepoy's voice broke altogether, and the tears coursed each other down his bronzed cheek. I put my hand on his shoulder and said:

'Be not sad, Prataprao. Why weep when your Sahib is safe?'

'The Sahib is right,' replied the sepoy; 'I am weak with my wound. Indeed, I should rejoice, for soon we shall be together on the Tigris fighting the Turk.' Suddenly the tears left the sepoy's eyes, and they kindled at the thought of battle. He sat up in bed. And then for the first time in its history the long whitewashed room of the little hospital heard the famous cry, to the sound of which the Maratha horse once slashed their way to victory on a hundred stricken fields —

'Har Mahadev! Har Mahadev!'

But his triumph was short-lived. A moment later the gaunt grim face of the Eurasian nurse reappeared in the door. 'You really must go, sir; you have stayed far too long, and you have excited all the patients. Just look, they are all sitting up in bed.'

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I looked round, and indeed every patient in the hospital — whether Gurkha, Afghan, or Sikh — was sitting up glaring in our direction with the most sinister expression. The Maratha war-cry had roused unpleasant memories.

'But, nurse,' I protested, 'Prataprao has not yet told me how he got wounded.'

'I can't help it,' she said firmly. 'You must go now. If you want to hear that story you must come some other day.'

'The pisach (she-devil),' growled the sepoy.

'Nay, Prataprao, she is right. I must go now, but I'll come again in a few days and talk to you again.'

The sepoy's face lit up, and he said as he shook my hand: '*Borre, Sahib, barre* (Right, sir, right), *lavakar yea, lavakar yea* (come again soon, come again soon).'

II. ADBUL

BY W. C. S.

ABDUL shall be my khidmutgar when I return to India. No doubt I shall hear him execrated by all and sundry, but knowing how good it is to be Abdul's master, and how deeply engrained in our memories is the mutual help rendered and received in the bad old days, I shall smile and be silent in the face of the fiercest denunciations.

I am bound to admit, I fear, that Abdul cannot be regarded as a scrupulously moral man, and the satisfied, almost proud smile with which he told me of how his Christian Arab friend, Yusep, got himself hanged in his (Abdul's) place in Kut-el-Amara in November, 1916, would naturally shock morality at home. Perhaps as an old acquaintance on service, he realized how lenient a view I should take of the case; for Abdul and I (his name alone I have altered, all else is ungarnished truth) had been with the same regiment throughout the earlier Mesopotamian campaign, and after the fall of Kut we marched up country in the same batch of prisoners of war. I remained at Mosul in the hospital there and saw batch after batch of weary half-naked prisoners pass through to the second part of that terrible march. Abdul, too, went through, and was lost in that land I was always trying to picture, and of which I could hear but hazy and contradictory reports — the desert stretch of 170 miles to Ras-el-Ain and the railhead.

The summer settled down inexorably, and from six to ten, Arab time — there were no reliable clocks, so we reckoned sunset as twelve o'clock like the rest of the Arab city — man and dog lay and endured; the beggar and the pariah lying side by side in the scanty shade of a mud wall, moved round a foot or two with a curse or a growl as the midday shadow slipped quickly round from west to east.

I think I am not peculiar in being short-tempered if disturbed before tea in hot weather: at any rate the entrance, after a somewhat flurried knock, of Abdul into my room during

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my August afternoon siesta did not excite a welcoming smile and cheerful greeting, especially as I saw him attired in a German follower's kit, his pugri replaced by a dirty white peaked cap with the inevitable little concentric colored disk in front. However, Abdul's knowledge of my psychology was based on old experience, and a large and fragrant plum-cake rapidly produced saved him from being flung out. Obviously, thought I, here was an occasion for less summary treatment; plum-cakes in those days were not mere luxuries, they were miracles. If Abdul and I must part in anger, it would be hard if that cake and I must part in sorrow as well.

'Abdul, what is all this? Have you too joined the multajees, the deserters?'

'Your honor knows I hate the German log, of whom I only know that they are pigs.'

'What are you doing, then, in this rig-out?'

'The desert is a bad place,' with a wave to the west, whither our hungry and ragged army had been driven to captivity — 'many are dead, more are dying for lack of food and clothing. A man must get back to the English log south of Kut before the winter, or die in misery over there. My German log are going to Persia, to Ravandooz, to fight the Russians. It is better to ride back with them and fill one's belly and wait one's chance, than to go as a poor starving haji to be robbed and beaten by the Arabs and perhaps caught and hanged by the Turks.'

I knew enough of Abdul to realize that here was no empty lie to fool me, but a statement of fact patent to all.

'The German *log* know an Indian is the best cook between Stamboul and Singapore, so I have charge of their kitchen. Allah in his mercy has given them but a feeble intellect, and' — pointing to the cake — 'they sleep in the afternoons.'

I received several brave cakes from Abdul during the next few weeks, and enjoyed them the more knowing who had paid for them. Then I heard that the Duke of Mecklenberg's Mounted Machine-Gun Mission had departed for Ravandooz, and Abdul's visits to me ceased abruptly.

It was at the end of November, 1916, that I returned to Baghdad by kelek (raft) for exchange, and on December 14, my papers being signed by Khalil Pasha, I was told to go down to the trench line at Kut on the next boat. I think it was that same day that General Maude's great offensive started in earnest, which lost me my chance of exchange.

I was having tea one day in my room overlooking the river, opposite the hotel where I got an excellent dinner every evening from my friend Zia, and was wondering what had happened to Abdul when a note was brought up by an Arab urchin.

I have heard that your honor is in Baghdad. Ia m in prison. Can the protector of the poor get me out? — Abdul.

This seemed à trifle difficult, to say the least. Doubtless, thought I, knowing Master Abdul as I did, he is in for some good and sufficient reason, and who am I that I can beg him off? Now Cassim Bey was the commandant of prisoners in Baghdad. Among other less desirable attributes, he was an Arab, very vain, and wishing to stand well with the British in case of Turkish disasters. I hear he subsequently deserted to us. I went to his office next day, and after the usual coffee and cigarette, and polite inquiries about health, he asked what was the news — *i.e.*, what did I want?

'Oh!' said I, 'Cassim Bey, I am in such a plight; my cook has been taken

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ill, and there isn't another good one at the prisoner's depot!'

'*Aman! Aman! effendim, nehyapalam*,—what shall we do?'

'There is only one man,' I replied, 'in Baghdad powerful enough to help me, now that the Vali Bey and Khalil Pasha and Haidar Bey have gone down to Baghaileh with Herr Grossmann Pasha, and that is yourself—or perhaps the Gendarma commandani might help me.'

Now, Cassim and the Chief of Gendarmes were sworn enemies.

Wherefore Cassim bestirred himself, and the end of it was that the prison governor was induced to deliver up Abdul to me that same evening, after which my cook (whose illness was of course fictitious), occasionally received the benefit of Abdul's conversational powers, and at intervals allowed him to prepare me a plum cake. He was wretchedly ill-looking, I remember, though he recovered very quickly, and had many subsequent adventures.

The roof of our house after dinner, with a moon over the river and a gentle breeze rustling the palm-tops, was an appropriate setting for Abdul's yarn, he squatting facing the moon, and I in a deck chair, with a bottle of árak rather nearer him than me.

'Yusep was a simple man, and of course he would have got *me* hanged if he had had the brains, poor fool. He did n't know I had run off with the Germans' papers and maps, and being a Christian, he believed me when I told him I was a poor harmless date-seller. So we went into partnership, and I shared his hovel in the remains of Kut town, taking the more protected side of the hut, for the English shelled us a good deal, and Yusep lay like dead with fright for hours. Allah is just.

'The papers were hidden under my mat, in the ground. Also a good deal of money I had had to buy the Germans food with. When I ran from Ravandooz I put my German clothes in their biggest pot with all their tea, cocoa, mustard, and rice, over the fire to cook, and took the captain's boots and revolver as far as the first stream. I always kept a poor haji's cloak and fez in my kit, and these were all I wanted for disguise for the 250 miles' tramp to Kut.'

This I could well believe, as poor Wali Dad, of the Third Sappers and Miners, who was afterwards shot trying to escape, migrated (I can think of no other word) from the Amanus district to Baghdad dressed in a gunny bag only. I saw him arrive. Seven hundred miles.

'In Kut I bought a stock of dates, in partnership with Yusep, from an Arab, and we used to go and sell these to the Turkish soldiers. Of course we used to get beaten often, but the chaoush would let us sell to his men if we gave him a good lump of dates for himself. I used to wander all over the Turkish positions for miles on quiet days, selling dates, and all the time trying to see how to get across to the English lines. The river was down then, so it was n't difficult to get about; but once or twice I was beaten for going too near the forward pickets.

'One day I was arrested and taken before an officer, who thought I was a spy, and when Yusep brought me some food at the Gendarmerie, I told him to go quickly and bring me food and my bedding. I also told him the English were going to shell the town in an hour, and he should have my side of the hut, which was safer than his. A poor dull man, by Allah, who believed what I told him about the shelling. Also he did not guess that the hut would be searched. I told the Uzebashi I was a poor Mussulman, who sold dates to the glory of Allah, but I thought perhaps

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Yusep was a spy, and might have papers hidden in his hut. That is why they hanged him that evening in the main street, and only sent me to prison in Baghdad. Allah is merciful and just. Any fool could tell that the man under whose bedding the maps and papers were found would be hanged. *El hamd ul illah*, they only hanged one of us; but then a Mussulman is not hanged so easily as a Christian in that country — unless he also is a fool.'

Blackwood's Magazine

MACHINERY OR MEN?

BY G. R. S. TAYLOR

THESE questions of social machinery, these details of economic and political constitutions, have been altogether overrated. There are intellectual freaks who sometimes emerge from our educational system (usually from the honors schools at the universities), who imagine that man will save his soul by the infinite collecting and studying of political constitutions. They tabulate them and arrange them in their libraries, as wiser men collect and pin butterflies. They would seem to believe that the fate of man hangs on the thread of whether he be a proportional representation man or a mere voter after the old-fashioned Victorian manner. They get passionate in defending the Federal state against the Confederates. They imagine, in short, that man clings to social salvation by the hair of a political constitution. There are political dreamers and economic professors who collect constitutions and regulations with the simple enthusiasm of schoolboys collecting postage stamps — and, for all the results one can discover, with the equal satisfaction of a harmless and innocent curiosity. For whether man has one civic constitution or another seems ultimately of as little importance as when Brazil changes the color of its postage stamps.

The chief fault of the learned is that they have no sense of proportion; which is a high philosophic quality usually reserved for the simple. Education is too often an overbalancing of the values of life; the scholar so persistently sees one thing at a time: usually the wrong one. It is therefore urgent that we should get the social machinery of the Guild state in its proper proportion against the background of life as a whole. It is not the centre of the picture, but merely one part of it, however essential. Until we know what we want life to be, we shall never be quite sure whether we ought to have the guilds, or how we should use them when we get them. They are not an end in themselves, but merely a means. Reformers so continually harp on the machinery and forget the men for whose use it was made. Man is the centre of human society, and the machinery is only good if it suits his ultimate purposes in life.

What the guildsman must grasp is

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that these proposals go no further than the mere mechanism of social anatomy; and without some understanding of what he finally intends to do, he may easily grasp the form of the guilds and find that the spirit has escaped. One can imagine a community led by university professors and constitution collectors building themselves a Guild state — as architects might build an imitation Greek temple or a sham Gothic church — and then wondering why everything remained much as it was before. Or worse still, not realizing they had never really desired anything new, except some new machinery to fit the latest pattern in their constitution album.

The guildsman, if he is anything more than another sort of political adventurer, wants many things much more fundamental than new machinery. He wants new results. But unfortunately this is not always his aim. There are some who do not object to the present political and industrial system because it is radically wrong, from its very roots to its most rotten fruit; they think it is merely badly managed. Their intellectual and artistic outlook is almost precisely that of the sympathetic countess in Balzac who, on seeing a poorly-clad peasant boy, exclaims: '*Tu n'as donc pas de mere!*' She thought that if he only had a mother all would be well. She was like the man who imagines that the present system will be all right when incomes are more equally distributed. He does not, for example, desire to abolish the centralized factories; he merely wants them made clean and bright. He does not want to change the present social system, but only to tidy it. He wants Lancashire to continue to produce cotton goods by the ten million yards, and Durham to dig coal by the million tons; and he will be delighted if Kent can be induced to follow their example. There are two classes of social reformers; those who are seeking a radical change, and those who belong to the same school as the young woman in the apron who flicks the dust off one chair in order that it may quietly settle down on another. Both schools may be entirely sincere; indeed, the most sincere are usually the dullest. But they have different philosophies of life; and until we know which is the right one, it is useless to start off aimlessly in any direction whatever. Social reform is not a game of blindman's buff.

The mediæval system had one conception of life, and the modern system has another. We have the factory system now because a certain powerful group of men want something which is entirely different from the ideal of the average mediæval man. The two conceptions can be summed up in a reasonable space; there is the ideal modern man, and the ideal man as the mediævalists conceived him. One hopes to show that the former is a figment of diseased minds; and that the latter is the normal man, as he exists in a rational world. The antagonism between the two ideas may be put in various ways: for the moment it is important to make clear what precisely is the root difference which separates the Guild school of reform from the modern state school.

What, then, do the champions of this modern state conceive to be the chief end of man? What is their ideal of life? The answer can only be gathered from the chaotic mass of evidence by which the system reveals itself. We can most easily judge of the modern man's ideals by the system he supports and strives to continue. It is a little difficult to know where to begin; for the main note of modern life is a rushing, roaring tumult of noise and

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rapid motion. To describe it from the life would be somewhat like trying to write a book of philosophy when seated in the din of a shipbuildng yard. The modern man seems to find some peculiar virtue in noise and movement. They appear to represent to his mind great natural forces which he associates with work and success. He is convinced that a great deal is happening in the world if there is a great noise. He is sure that progress is being made if somebody is going somewhere at a very rapid pace. He is convinced that there is more real energy in the world now that there are railway trains and trams, and bicycles, instead of the old system of walking or riding in a cart. When the motor car was invented, the modern man felt that the gods were kind indeed: for now he could travel all over the country at the same speed at which only the fixed railways could carry him before. He could cover a hundred miles of road, whereas before he could only do ten. He did not stop to ask himself whether he only saw one tenth of the scenery. Having the quantitative mind, he was only concerned with total mileage.

The invention of the aeroplane was as strong wine to this enthusiast. All his newspaper writers put it into headlines and called it the 'Conquest of the Air' in their biggest type. When London was being bombed every other night, there was a certain hesitation as to what was being conquered; but this balance was quickly restored when we had the best of this new game for modern men. That we should have a whole new element of space added to our possibilities for rapid travel, seemed too good to be true. It was apparently an inspiration to know that one could see so much more of the earth by flying over it so quickly—that it was impossible to see anything at all. It seems the crown of madness. It is pace for pace's sake. Of course there may be many reasons why it is better to get to Granada or Cairo rather than stop in London, and it may be good, therefore, to get there as soon as possible. But now we find this man of rapid passions developing a desire to fly to New York. But would any sane man want to go to such a place? Yes, the modern man wants to go there, for it sums up most of what he considered good in life. He may want a week or two at the seaside or in the country in the summer; but, for the rest, give him New York every time, he will tell you. It seems a shame to put this ignominy so prominently on New York — but a hundred great cities would please him almost as well. So long as he can get speed, and noise, and dust, and as little fresh air as possible, the modern man will be content. He will be in his paradise.

But, by the very nature of his creed, no sooner has he arrived in one paradise than it is time to conquer another. Like Alexander, he does not rejoice for what he has won; but weeps because there is nothing beyond. He wants to conquer and to rule everybody and everything; and, above all else, he must be quick. His trusted philosopher is the newspaper leader writer, that feverish mind that is lured to its folly by the latest evening telegram. Now the real news of the world cannot be discovered in a telegram; and wisdom can rarely be gleaned from it in time for the newspaper train. Wisdom is not the fancy of to-day or the fashion of to-morrow. But the modern man does not ask for wisdom; he wants opinion poured down his throat as quickly and as noisily as possible. So the daily newspaper has become the very expression of the intellect of this extraordinary by-product of humanity.

This desire for speed is but the ex-

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pression of the modern man's determination to value everything in terms of quantity instead of quality. If he can have two of anything, he feels himself infinitely better than if he only has one. He is unfortunately limited by one mouth, one stomach, by twenty-four hours to the day, and other ridiculous failings of a nature that is so carelessly unambitious. But the modern man is not one to be dictated to by mere nature. His whole life is one continual defiance of every law of it. He thinks Chicago is so many times better than Canterbury because there are so many times more people in it; and so many multiple times the possibility of making money in it. He thinks one nation is richer than another because its exports and imports are bigger, He thinks the British Empire is greater than the land of the Plantagenets because its square mileage has increased. He thinks a citizen of the United States must feel superior to the inhabitants of Denmark because it is possible to travel in a railway train longer in the states before reaching the boundary. He thinks that Mr. Jay Gould and Mr. Carnegie were more successful men than George Meredith or Robert Grosseteste because they have larger banking accounts. In his more genial moments he talks generously of the services of the clowns and singers and artists who amuse his moments of leisure: he is kind enough to murmur proverbs concerning the happiness and virtues of contentment and poverty — but he does n't really mean it; it is only a creed for those who have not wit enough to make a real success. In short, it is a philosophy of multiples; there is one test for everything — the multiplication table. That is his creed. His questions can only be answered in terms of quantity, of space, of velocity. He prefers the last part of the multiplication table to the beginning, for it talks about bigger numbers.

Now the remarkable fact is that in the newspaper offices and government departments and business houses, where they imagine they know all the latest news, they really believe that this modern monstrosity is the normal man of to-day. They conceive of man as a heroic creature of energy who is continually asserting himself; ever restless to take the next step in human progress; always searching for something new, and imagining that the new is better than the old; always desiring to rule his fellows and to interfere with their lives as much as possible — for that is their conception of a great man. It is an astounding blunder in judgment. It no more corresponds to the facts of life than when a man in a moment of spiritual emotion sees two moons. The vast majority of the people of this world have no resemblance to this human motor-bus, eternally rushing along the highways, smothered in the dust of its own energy, a thing of tumultuous noise and virile determination to get to its journey's end at all costs to itself or others. The leader-writer is deceived because he is himself of this weird mechanical creation, and likewise his friends. But it is the same sort of mistake that a duke would make if he imagined that all the other people in the world were dukes, with the corresponding number of duchesses. It is the same mistake that the orthodox historians make when they imagine that history has been made by politicians.

The New Witness

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SIR WALTER SCOTT: A LECTURE AT THE SORBONNE

BY W. P. KER

When I was asked to choose a subject for a lecture at the Sorbonne, there came into my mind somehow or other the incident of Scott's visit to Paris when he went to see *Ivanhoe* at the Odéon, and was amused to think how the story had traveled and made its fortune:

> It was an opera, and, of course, the story sadly mangled and the dialogue in great part nonsense. Yet it was strange to hear anything like the words which (then in an agony of pain with spasms in my stomach) I dictated to William Laidlaw at Abbotsford, now recited in a foreign tongue, and for the amusement of a strange people. I little thought to have survived the completing of this novel.

It seemed to me that here I had a text for my sermon. The cruel circumstances of the composition of *Ivanhoe* might be neglected. The interesting point was in the contrast between the original home of Scott's imagination and the widespread triumph of his works abroad — on the one hand, Edinburgh and Ashestiel, the traditions of the Scottish border and the Highlands, the humors of Edinburgh lawyers and Glasgow citizens, country lairds, farmers and ploughmen, the Presbyterian eloquence of the Covenanters and their descendants, the dialect hardly intelligible out of its own region, and not always clear even to natives of Scotland; on the other hand, the competition for Scott's novels in all the markets of Europe, as to which I take leave to quote the evidence of Stendhal:

> Lord Byron, auteur de quelques héroïdes sublimes, mais toujours les mêmes, et de beaucoup de tragédies mortellement ennuyeuses, n'est point du tout le chef des romantiques.
>
> S'il se trouvait un homme que les traducteurs à la toise se disputassent également à Madrid, à Stuttgard, à Paris et à Vienne, l'on pourrait avancer que cet homme a deviné les tendances morales de son époque.

If Stendhal proceeds to remark in a footnote that '*l'homme lui-même est peu digne d'enthousiasme*,' it is pleasant to remember that Lord Byron wrote to M. Henri Beyle to correct his low opinion of the character of Scott. This is by the way, though not, I hope, an irrelevant remark. For Scott is best revealed in his friendships; and the mutual regard of Scott and Byron is as pleasant to think of as the friendship between Scott and Wordsworth.

As to the truth of Stendhal's opinion about the vogue of Scott's novels and his place as chief of the romantics, there is no end to the list of witnesses who might be summoned. Perhaps it may be enough to remember how the young Balzac was carried away by the novels as they came fresh from the translator, almost immediately after their first appearance at home.

One distinguishes easily enough, at home in Scotland, between the novels, or the passages in the novels, that are idiomatic, native, home-grown, intended for his own people, and the novels not so limited, the romances of English or foreign history — *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Quentin Durward*. But as a matter of fact these latter, though possibly easier to understand and better suited to the general public, were

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not invariably preferred. The novels were 'the Scotch novels.' Although Thackeray, when he praises Scott, takes most of his examples from the less characteristic, what we may call the English group, on the other hand, Hazlitt dwells most willingly on the Scotch novels, though he did not like Scotsmen, and shared some of the prejudice of Stendhal —'my friend, Mr. Beyle,' as he calls him in one place — with regard to Scott himself. And Balzac has no invidious preferences: he recommends an English romance, *Kenilworth*, to his sister, and he also remembers David Deans, a person most intensely and peculiarly Scots.

One may distinguish the Scotch novels, which only their author could have written, from novels like *Peveril of the Peak* or *Anne of Geierstein*, which may be thought to resemble rather too closely the imitations of Scott, the ordinary historical novel as it was written by Scott's successors. But though the formula of the conventional historical novel may have been drawn from the less idiomatic group, it was not this that chiefly made Scott's reputation. His fame and influence were achieved through the whole mass of his immense and varied work; and the Scots dialect and humors, which make so large a part of his resources when he is putting out all his power, though they have their difficulties for readers outside of Scotland, were no real hindrances in the way of the Scotch novels: Dandie Dinmont and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Cuddie Headrigg and Andrew Fairservice were not ignored or forgotten, even where *Ivanhoe* or *The Talisman* might have the preference as being more conformable to the general mind of novel readers.

The paradox remains: that the most successful novelist of the whole world should have had his home and found his strength in a country with a language of its own, barely intelligible, frequently repulsive to its nearest neighbors, a language none the more likely to win favor when the manners or ideas of the country were taken into consideration as well.

The critics who refuse to see much good in Scott, for the most part ignore the foundations of his work. Thus Stendhal, who acknowledges Scott's position as representative of his age, the one really great, universally popular author of his day, does not recognize in Scott's imagination much more than trappings and tournaments, the furniture of the regular historical novel. He compares Scott's novels with *La Princesse de Clèves*, and asks which is more to be praised, the author who understands and reveals the human heart, or the descriptive historian who can fill pages with unessential details but is afraid of the passions.

In which it seems to be assumed that Scott, when he gave his attention to the background and the appropriate dresses, was neglecting the dramatic truth of his characters and their expression. Scott, it may be observed, had, in his own reflections on the art of novel-writing, taken notice of different kinds of policy in dealing with the historical setting. In his lives of the novelists, reviewing *The Old English Baron*, he describes the earlier type of historical novel in which little or nothing is done for antiquarian decoration or for local color; while in his criticism of Mrs. Radcliffe he uses the very term —'melodrama' — and the very distinction — melodrama as opposed to tragedy — which is the touchstone of the novelist. Whatever his success might be, there can be no doubt as to his intentions. He meant his novels, with their richer background and their larger measure of detail, to sacrifice nothing of dramatic truth. *La Princess de Clèves*, a professedly historical novel

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with little 'local color,' may be in essentials finer and more sincere than Scott. This is a question which I ask leave to pass over. But it is not Scott's intention to put off the reader with details and decoration as a substitute for truth of character and sentiment. Here most obviously, with all their differences, Balzac and Scott are agreed: expensive both of them in description, but neither of them inclined to let mere description (in Pope's phrase) take the place of sense — *i.e.* of the life which it is the business of the novelist to interpret. There is danger, no doubt, of overdoing it, but description in Balzac, however full and long, is never inanimate. He has explained his theory in a notice of Scott, or rather in a comparison of Scott and Fenimore Cooper (*Revue Parisienne*, 1840), where the emptiness of Cooper's novels is compared with the variety of Scott's, the solitude of the American lakes and forests with the crowd of life commanded by the author of *Waverley*. Allowing Cooper one great success in the character of Leather-stocking and some merit in a few other personages, Balzac finds beyond these nothing like Scott's multitude of characters; their place is taken by the beauties of nature. But description cannot make up for want of life in a story.

Balzac shows clearly that he understood the danger of description, and how impossible, how unreasonable, it is to make scenery do instead of story and characters. He does not seem to think that Scott has failed in this respect, while in his remarks on Scott's humor he proves how far he is from the critics who found in Scott nothing but scenery and accoutrements and the rubbish of old chronicles. Scott's chivalry and romance are not what Balzac is thinking about. Balzac is considering Scott's imagination in general, his faculty in narrative and dialogue, wherever his scene may be, from whatever period the facts of his story may be drawn.

Scott's superiority to his American rival comes out, says Balzac, chiefly in his secondary personages and in his talent for comedy. The American makes careful mechanical provision for laughter: Balzac takes this all to pieces, and leaves Scott unchallenged and inexhaustible.

Scott's reputation has suffered a little through suspicion of his politics, and, strangely enough, of his religion. He has been made responsible for movements in churches about which opinions naturally differ, but of which it is certain Scott never dreamed. Those who suspect and blame his work because it is reactionary, illiberal, and offensive to modern ideas of progress, are, of course, mainly such persons as believe in 'the march of intellect,' and think meanly of each successive stage as soon as it is left behind. The spokesman of this party is Mark Twain, who wrote a burlesque of the Holy Grail, and who in his *Life on the Mississippi* makes Scott responsible for the vanities and superstitions of the Southern States of America:

> The South has not yet recovered from the debilitating influence of his books. Admiration of his fantastic heroes and their grotesque 'chivalry' doings and romantic juvenilities still survives here, in an atmosphere in which is already perceptible the wholesome and practical nineteenth century smell of cotton factories and locomotives.

It is useless to moralize on this, and the purport and significance of it may be left for private meditation to enucleate and enjoy. But it cannot be fully appreciated, unless one remembers that the author of this and other charges against chivalry is also the historian of the feud betweeen the Shepherdsons and the Grangerfords,

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equal in tragedy to the themes of the *chansons de geste:* of *Raoul de Cambrai* or *Garin le Loherain.* Mark Twain in the person of Huckleberry Finn is committed to the ideas of chivalry neither more nor less than Walter Scott in *Ivanhoe* or *The Talisman.* I am told further — though this is perhaps unimportant — that Gothic ornament in America is not peculiarly the taste of the South, that even at Chicago there are imitations of Gothic towers and halls.

Hazlitt, an unbeliever in most of Scott's political principles, is also the most fervent and expressive admirer of the novels, quite beyond the danger of modern progress, his judgment not corrupted at all by the incense of the cotton factory or the charm of the locomotive. Hazlitt's praise of Scott is an immortal proof of Hazlitt's sincerity in criticism. Scott's friends were not Hazlitt's, and Scott and Hazlitt differed both in personal and public affairs as much as any men of their time. But Hazlitt has too much sense not to be taken with the Scotch novels, and too much honesty not to say so, and too much spirit not to put all his strength into praising, when once he begins. Hazlitt's critical theory of Scott's novels is curiously like his opinion about Scott's old friend, the poet Crabbe: whose name I cannot leave without a salute to the laborious and eloquent work of M. Huchon, his scholarly French interpreter.

Hazlitt on Crabbe and Scott is a very interesting witness on account of the principles and presuppositions employed by him. In the last hundred years or so the problems of realism and naturalism have been canvassed almost too thoroughly between disputants who seem not always to know when they are wandering from the point or wearying their audience with verbiage and platitudes. But out of all the controversy there has emerged at least one plain probability — that there is no such thing as simple transference of external reality into artistic form. This is what Hazlitt seems to ignore very strangely in his judgment of Crabbe and Scott, and this is, I think, an interesting point in the history of criticism, especially when it is remembered that Hazlitt was a critic of painting, and himself a painter. He speaks almost as if realities passed direct into the verse of Crabbe; as if Scott's imagination in the novels were merely recollection and transcription of experience. Speaking of the difference between the genius of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, he says:

> It is the difference between *originality* and the want of it, between writing and transcribing. Almost all the finest scenes and touches, the great master-strokes in Shakespeare, are such as must have belonged to the class of invention, where the secret lay between him and his own heart, and the power exerted is in adding to the given materials and working something out of them: in the author of *Waverley*, not all, but the principal and characteristic beauties are such as may and do belong to the class of compilation — that is, consist in bringing the materials together and leaving them to produce their own effect.
>
> No one admires or delights in the *Scott* novels more than I do, but at the same time, when I hear it asserted that his mind is of the same class with Shakespeare, or that he imitates nature in the same way, I confess I cannot assent to it. No two things appear to me more different. Sir Walter is an imitator of nature and nothing more; but I think Shakespeare is infinitely more than this. . . . Sir Walter's mind is full of information, but the 'o'er-informing power' is not there. Shakespeare's spirit, like fire, shines through him; Sir Walter's, like a stream, reflects surrounding objects.

I may not at this time quote much more of Hazlitt's criticism, but the point of it would be misunderstood if it were construed as depreciation of Scott. What may be considered merely memory in contrast to Shakespeare's

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imagination is regarded by Hazlitt as a limitless source of visionary life when compared with the ideas of self-centred authors like Byron. This is what Hazlitt says in another essay of the same series:

> [Scott] does not 'spin his brains' but something much better. He has got hold of another clue — that of Nature and history — and long may he spin it, 'even to the crack of doom!' Scott's success lies in not thinking of himself. And then again the catch that blind Willie and his wife and the boy sing in the hollow of the heath — there is more mirth and heartsease in it than in all Lord Byron's *Don Juan* or Mr. Moore's *Lyrics*. And why? Because the author is thinking of beggars and a beggar's brat, and not of himself, while he writes it. He looks at Nature, sees it, hears it, feels it, and believes that it exists before it is printed, hot-pressed, and labelled on the back *By the Author of 'Waverley.'* He does not fancy, nor would he for one moment have it supposed, that his name and fame compose all that is worth a moment's consideration in the universe. This is the great secret of his writings — a perfect indifference to self.

Hazlitt appears to allow too little to the mind of the author of *Waverley* — as though the author had nothing to do but let the contents of his mind arrange themselves on his pages. What this exactly may mean is doubtful. We are not disposed to accept the theory of the passive mind as a sufficient philosophical explanation of the Scotch novels. But Hazlitt is certainly right to make much of the store of reading and reminiscence they imply, and it is not erroneous or fallacious to think of all Scott's writings in verse or prose as peculiarly the fruits of his life and experience. His various modes of writing are suggested to him by the way, and he finds his art with no long practice when the proper time comes to use it. After all, is this not what was meant by Horace when he said that the subject rightly chosen will provide what is wanted in art and style?

> Cui lecta potenter erit res
> Nec facundia deseret hunc nec lucidus ordo.

It was chosen by Corneille as a motto for *Cinna;* it would do as a summary of all the writings of Scott.

The Waverley Novels may be reckoned among the works of fiction that have had their origin in chance, and have turned out something different from what the author intended. Reading the life of Scott, we seem to be following a pilgrimage where the traveler meets with different temptations and escapes various dangers, and takes up a number of duties, and is led to do a number of fine things which he had not thought of till the time came for attempting them. The poet and the novelist are revealed in the historian and the collector of antiquities. Scott before *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* looked like a young adventurer in the study of history and legend, who had it in him to do solid work on a large scale (like his edition of Dryden) if he chose to take it up. He is not a poet from the beginning like Wordsworth and Keats, devoted to that one service; he turns novelist late in life when the success of his poetry seems to be over. His early experiments in verse are queerly suggested and full of hazard. It needs a foreign language — German — to encourage him to rhyme. The fascination of Bürger's *Lenore* is a reflection from English ballad poetry; the reflected image brought out what had been less remarkable in the original. The German devices of terror and wonder are a temptation to Scott; they hang about his path with their monotonous and mechanical jugglery, their horrors made all the more intolerable through the degraded verse of Lewis — a bad example which Scott instinctively refused to follow, though

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he most unaccountably praised Lewis's sense of rhythm. The close of the eighteenth century cannot be fully understood, nor the progress of poetry in the nineteenth, without some study of the plague of ghosts and skeletons which has left its mark on *The Ancient Mariner*, from which Goethe and Scott did not escape, which imposed on Shelley in his youth, to which Byron yielded his tribute of *The Vampire*. A tempting subject for expatiation, especially when one remembers — and who that has once read it can forget? — the most glorious passage in the *Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas* describing his first conversation with the unknown gentleman who afterwards turned out to be Charles Nodier, in the theatre of the Porte Saint-Martin where the play was *The Vampire;* from which theatre Charles Nodier was expelled for hissing *The Vampire*, himself being part-author of the marvelous drama. I hope it is not impertinent in a stranger to express his unbounded gratitude for that delightful and most humorous dialogue in which the history of the Elzevir Press (starting from *Le Pastissier françois*) and the tragedy of the rotifer are so adroitly interwoven with the theatrical scene of Fingal's Cave and its unusual visitors, the whole adventure ending in the happiest laughter over the expulsion of the dramatist. I may not have any right to say so, but I throw myself on the mercy of my readers: I remember nothing in any chronicle so mercurial or jovial in its high spirits as this story of the first encounter and the beginning of friendship between Charles Nodier and Alexandre Dumas.

The Vampire of Staffa may seem rather far from the range of Scott's imagination; but his contributions to Lewis's *Tales of Wonder* show the risk that he ran, while the White Lady of Avenel in *The Monastery* proves that even in his best years he was exposed to the hazards of conventional magic.

Lockhart has given the history of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, how the story developed and took shape. It is not so much an example of Scott's mode of writing poetry as an explanation of his whole literary life. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was his first original piece of any length and his first great popular success. And, as Lockhart has sufficiently shown, it was impossible for Scott to get to it except through the years of exploration and editing, the collection of the Border ballads, the study of the old metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*. The story of the Goblin Page was at first reckoned enough simply for one of the additions to the Border Minstrelsy on the scale of a ballad. Scott had tried another sort of imitation in the stanzas composed in old English and in the metre of the original to supply the missing conclusion of *Sir Tristrem*. It was not within his scope to write an original romance in the old language, but Coleridge's *Christabel* was recited to him, and gave him a modern rhythm fit for a long story. So the intended ballad became the *Lay*, taking in, with the legend of Gilpin Horner for a foundation, all the spirit of Scott's knowledge of his own country.

Here I must pause to express my admiration for Lockhart's criticism of Scott, and particularly for his description of the way in which the *Lay* came to be written. It is really wonderful, Lockhart's sensible, unpretentious, thorough interpretation of the half-unconscious processes by which Scott's reading and recollections were turned into his poems and novels. Of course, it is all founded on Scott's own notes and introductions.

What happened with the *Lay* is repeated a few years afterwards in *Waverley*. The *Lay*, a rhyming ro-

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mance; *Waverley* an historical novel; what, it may be asked, is so very remarkable about their origins? Was it not open to any one to write romances in verse or prose? Perhaps; but the singularity of Scott's first romances in verse and prose is that they do not begin as literary experiments, but as means of expressing their author's knowledge, memory, and treasured sentiment. Hazlitt is right; Scott's experience is shaped into the Waverley Novels, though one can distinguish later between those stories that belong properly to Scott's life and those that are invented in repetition of a pattern.

Scott's own alleged reason for giving up the writing of tales in verse was that Byron beat him. But there must have been something besides this: it is plain that the pattern of rhyming romance was growing stale. The *Lay* needs no apology; *Marmion* includes the great tragedy of Scotland in the Battle of Flodden:

> The stubborn spearmen still made good
> Their dark impenetrable wood,
> Each stepping where his comrade stood,
> The instant that he fell.
> No thought was there of dastard flight;
> Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
> Groom fought like noble, squire like knight
> As fearlessly and well;
> Till utter darkness closed her wing
> O'er their thin host and wounded king.

And *The Lady of the Lake* is all that the Highlands meant for Scott at that time. But *Rokeby* has little substance, though it includes more than one of Scott's finest songs. *The Lord of the Isles*, though its battle is not too far below *Marmion*, and though its hero is Robert the Bruce, yet wants the original force of the earlier romances. When Scott changed his hand from verse to prose for story-telling and wrote *Waverley*, he not only gained in freedom and got room for a kind of dialogue that was impossible in rhyme, but he came back to the same sort of experience and the same strength of tradition as had given life to the *Lay*. The time of *Waverley* was no more than sixty years since, when Scott began to write it and mislaid and forgot the opening chapters in 1805; he got his ideas of the Forty-five from an old Highland gentleman who had been out with the Highland clans, following the lead of Prince Charles Edward, the Young Chevalier. The clans in that adventure belonged to a world more ancient than that of *Ivanhoe* or *The Talisman;* they also belonged so nearly to Scott's own time that he heard their story from one of themselves. He had spoken and listened to another gentleman who had known Rob Roy. *The Bride of Lammermoor* came to him as the Icelandic family histories came to the historians of Gunnar or Kjartan Olafsson. He had known the story all his life, and he wrote it from tradition. The time of *The Heart of Midlothian* is earlier than *Waverley*, but it is more of a modern novel than an historical romance, and even *Old Mortality*, which is earlier still, is modern also; Cuddie Headrigg is no more antique than Dandie Dinmont or the Ettrick Shepherd himself, and even his mother and her Covenanting friends are not far from the fashion of some enthusiast of Scott's own time — *e.g.* Hogg's religious uncle who could not be brought to repeat his old ballads for thinking of 'covenants broken, burned, and buried.' *Guy Mannering* and *The Antiquary* are both modern stories: it is not till *Ivanhoe* that Scott definitely starts on the regular historical novel in the manner that was found so easy to imitate.

If *Rob Roy* is not the very best of them all — and on problems of that sort perhaps the right word may be the Irish phrase '*Naboclish!*' ('don't trouble about that!') which Scott picked up

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when he was visiting Miss Edgeworth in Ireland — *Rob Roy* shows well enough what Scott could do, in romance of adventure and in humorous dialogue. The plots of his novels are sometimes thought to be loose and ill-defined, and he tells us himself that he seldom knew where his story was carrying him. His young heroes are sometimes reckoned rather feeble and featureless. Francis Osbaldistone, like Edward Waverley and Henry Morton, drifts into trouble and has his destiny shaped for him by other people and accidents. But is this anything of a reproach to the author of the story? Then it must tell against some novelists who seem to work more conscientiously and carefully than Scott on the frame of their story — against George Meredith in *Evan Harrington*, and Richard Feverel and Harry Richmond, all of whom are driven by circumstances and see their way no more clearly than Scott's young men. Is it not really the strength, not the weakness, of Scott's imagination that engages us in the perplexities of Waverly and Henry Morton even to the verge of tragedy — keeping out of tragedy because it is not his business, and would spoil his looser, larger, more varied web of a story? Francis Osbaldistone is less severely tried. His story sets him traveling, and may we not admire the skill of the author who uses the old device of a wandering hero with such good effect? The story is not a mere string of adventures — it is adventures with a bearing on the main issue, with complications that all tell in the end; chief among them, of course, the successive appearances of Mr. Campbell and the counsels of Diana Vernon. The scenes that bring out Scott's genius most completely — so they have always seemed to me — are those of Francis Osbaldistone's stay in Glasgow. Seldom has any novelist managed so easily so many different modes of interest. There is the place — in different lights — the streets, the river, the bridge, the cathedral, the prison, seen through the suspense of the hero's mind rendered in the talk of Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Andrew Fairservice; made alive, as the saying is, through successive anxieties and dangers; thrilling with romance, yet at the same time never beyond the range of ordinary common sense. Is it not a triumph, at the very lowest reckoning, of dexterous narrative to bring together in a vivid dramatic scene the humorous character of the Glasgow citizen and the equal and opposite humor of his cousin, the cateran, the Highland loon, Mr. Campbell disclosed as Rob Roy — with the Dougal creature helping him?

Scott's comedy is like that of Cervantes in *Don Quixote* — humorous dialogue independent of any definite comic plot and mixed up with all sorts of other business. Might not Falstaff himself be taken into comparison too? Scott's humorous characters are nowhere and never characters in a comedy — and Falstaff, the greatest comic character in Shakespeare, is not great in comedy.

Some of the rich idiomatic Scottish dialogue in the novels might be possibly disparaged (like Ben Jonson) as 'mere humors and observation.' Novelists of lower rank than Scott — Galt in *The Ayrshire Legatees* and *Annals of the Parish* and *The Entail* — have nearly rivaled Scott in reporting conversation. But the Bailie at any rate has his part to play in the story of *Rob Roy* — and so has Andrew Fairservice. Scott never did anything more ingenious than his contrast of those two characters — so much alike in language, and to some extent in cast of mind, with the same conceit and self-confidence, the same garrulous West-

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land security in their own judgment, both attentive to their own interests, yet clearly and absolutely distinct in spirit, the Bailie a match in courage for Rob Roy himself.

Do we at home in Scotland make too much of Scott's life and associations when we think of his poetry and his novels? Possibly few Scotsmen are impartial here. As Dr. Johnson said, they are not a fair people, and when they think of the Waverley Novels they perhaps do not always see quite clearly. Edinburgh and the Eildon Hills, Aberfoyle and Stirling, come between their minds and the printed page:

A mist of memory broods and floats
The Border waters flow,
The air is full of ballad notes
Borne out of long ago.

It might be prudent and more critical to take each book on its own merits in a dry light. But it is not easy to think of a great writer thus discreetly. Is Balzac often judged accurately and coldly, piece by piece, here a line and there a line? Are not the best judges those who think of his whole achievement altogether — the whole amazing world of his creation — *La Comédie Humaine?* By the same sort of rule Scott may be judged, and the whole of his work, his vast industry, and all that made the fabric of his life, be allowed to tell on the mind of the reader. I wish this discourse had been more worthy of its theme, and of this audience, and of this year of heroic memories and lofty hopes. But if, later in the summer, I should find my way back to Ettrick and Yarrow and the Eildon Hills, it will be a pleasure to remember there the honor you have done me in allowing me to speak in Paris, however unworthily, of the greatness of Sir Walter Scott.

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UTILIZING NEW SOURCES OF POWER

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

A PINCH of coal dust, or a thimbleful of oil, represents at present the most portable form of power. If the whole of the energy resulting from these, when combining with oxygen, could be really utilized, they would yield quite a considerable store.

An ounce of oil completely burned generates, say, 1,200 British thermal units, or would heat between 6 and 7 pounds of water from freezing to boiling point; which, interpreted in mechanical power, is the equivalent of 410 foot-tons. A ton falling a height of 410 feet would generate the same amount of heat. An ounce of coal completely burned would yield slightly less energy, about four fifths of this amount. The calorific value of different hydrocarbons does not differ extensively, when reckoned by weight. But by no mechanism is it possible to utilize mechanically more than a small fraction of the heat energy generated by any form of ordinary quick combustion.

Slow combination, as in an electric battery, might be tractable throughout; but once the energy of combustion has taken the random form of heat, a great deal of it has escaped control, and only a small percentage can be directed along desired channels; that is, only a fraction is available or useful.

Still, there is a fraction which we do know how to get at and utilize; a knowledge which we owe, in any perfection and on a large scale, specially to the genius of James Watt.

A spoonful of nitroglycerin, again, represents a considerable store of energy, though of a rather violent and intractable kind. The laws regulating all this chemical or molecular sort of energy are understood.

But is there any kind of energy locked up not in the molecule nor in the interaction between molecules, but in the actual structure of each atom? Does a single atom of matter contain energy by reason of its very constitution? And if so, is there any means of getting at it?

Previous to the discovery of radium the question can hardly have been asked, or at least not asked with much hope of finding an answer. The answer is now known. In radioactive substances there certainly is a store of atomic energy, and some of the energy is liberated by the emission of flying particles which are flung off from time to time whenever the atom is degenerating or passing from a more complex to a more simple form.

And this emission of energy is very great. When it was first observed that a few grains of radium were continuously giving off a great deal of energy and yet not disappearing, some scientific men, even Lord Kelvin himself, spoke of it as a marvel or as a sort of miracle. The stuff burned, as it were, and yet was not consumed. It soon became clear, however, that there was no flaw in the law of conservation of energy. The stuff certainly possessed and certainly loses all the energy it emits, but it loses very little weight. The amount of energy it gives off per grain is so prodigious that the loss of weight is imperceptible, while the emission of energy is obvious. It is all

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a question of proportion. The disappearance of a single grain of matter out of, say, a pound is only detectable by careful weighing, but the power emitted during the disappearance of a grain would be enough to raise the temperature of a ton of water from freezing to boiling point.

We must remember, however, that no such effect would be produced, even by a pound of radium, in any reasonable time; for it would take a long time effectively and fairly to lose a grain; it would take something comparable to a year. And so the power is diluted down, there is nothing violent about it, and we know no means of hastening it, nor indeed of retarding it either. It is a remarkable fact that whether the bit of radium be made red-hot in a furnace, or cooled hundreds of degrees below zero by liquid air, its rate of disintegration remains practically constant; it steadily gives off its intrinsic energy unaffected by the molecular commotion or stagnation which we call heat or cold.

The energy emitted by a radio-active substance is atomic and intrinsic, not molecular and incidental. Heat energy depends on the motion of molecules. Chemical energy is concerned with the rearrangement of atoms in the molecule. The energy we are speaking of is involved in the constitution of atoms themselves.

About this last kind of energy we should have known nothing had it not been for the discovery of spontaneous radio-activity; in other words, had it not been a property of large and heavy atoms to throw away small portions of themselves and become lighter atoms of a slightly less complex character.

People sometimes speak of radium as if it were unique. Not so; it is a striking member of a class, and it serves well to illustrate the properties of that class. Every now and then an atom of radium explodes or fires off a projectile — what is called an *a* particle. The projectile bears to the residue of the atom something of the same proportion that a shot bears to a gun. It is $\frac{4}{225}$, or, say, one fiftieth of the whole — like a two-ton gun firing a one-hundred-pound shot.

Only now and then does a radium atom get to this explosive stage. For every one that thus exerts itself, in the course of a year, there are about 3,000 which remain quiescent for that period. But directly one shot has been fired, the rest of that particular atom is remarkably unstable and does not settle down into quiescence again till it has fired off four more, converting itself each time into a different element. Some of these shots follow each other quite quickly, barely giving time to the experimenter to examine the properties of the intervening substances. Yet these substances are real elements with chemical reactions of their own, and with a characteristic spectrum; their peculiarity is that they are short-lived. Each transitory element differs in atomic weight from the one above it by the same approximate amount 4 (hydrogen being 1); so, when the whole five particles have been flung away, the atomic weight of the result is no longer 225, but more like 205 or 207, the atomic weight of lead. And there are many reasons for thinking that the common inert element 'lead' is what it has become, when its epoch of activity and instability has come to an end. On that view the plentifulness of lead would be due to its stability; it would be like a population with a very low death rate.

Thus the residue is still heavy, not much has been lost, and even the projectiles might be retained by a simple enclosure holding the original radium and its products, so that in that case no loss of weight would be readily

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perceived. Yet loss of weight does accompany the evolution of energy, though it is incomparably smaller than any loss of substance entailed in the process of combustion.

The most active chemical combination — the greatest energy per unit weight of combustible material — is the burning of hydrogen in oxygen. This emits heat to the value of 4,000 units of heat for every gramme of water formed by the combination. But by the time that a gramme of radium has gone through its changes, a million times this quantity of energy would have been emitted.

But then, as we know it is not emitted quickly, the process takes a long time, and at present we know no means of either hastening or controlling it. It is in that respect like volcanic energy or the energy of lightning; it occurs at its own time, not at ours; the reaction is violent enough, but is beyond the directing power of life and intelligence; until some further discovery is made.

Let it not be supposed, however, that only the atoms of radio-active substances possess this atomic energy. It is pretty certain that every kind of material atom must possess it; some more, some less; but for the most atoms the energy is all locked up in their intimate structure, and is quite inaccessible. The radio-active elements are those which do not keep the energy completely locked up. Once an hour one out of thirty million atoms goes off with violence, and continues to fire at known though not quite regular intervals five times, till it becomes quiescent again. It thus gives away the secret of a vast store of energy. Had there been no spontaneous radio-activity we should not have known that atoms were anything but sedate particles; moving about rapidly, it is true, but retaining their own identity and absolutely permanent in composition, if, indeed, they had any composition and were not mere points.

Far otherwise is the truth. Every atom is a complicated structure, a region of law and order, and in all probability no element is permanent. Disintegration is probably only a question of degree. The unstable ones attract attention and enable measurements to be made. Some even of these are fairly sedate, and, like uranium, last millions of years. Radium lasts at most a few thousand years; but other elements there are which are so prodigiously violent that they last only a few minutes. These, therefore, make themselves conspicuous even in small quantities, but naturally are extremely scarce.

The point for present consideration, however, is not the rate at which different elements choose to give out their store of energy, but the existence of this store and its marvelous abundance. The particles that are shot off from radium are shot with a speed quite amazing — about one fifteenth that of light. To get some notion of this speed we may compare it with the highest speed of a bullet. During the time taken by a rifle bullet to fly without resistance from the muzzle of a rifle to a target 300 yards away, the α particle simultaneously shot off from radium, if it met with no obstruction, would have traveled the 3,000 miles from London to New York. The time needed is only a quarter of a second.

And as to the energy of such a projectile — it is not much in itself, because its mass is so minute, but weight for weight it is four hundred million times more energetic than a bullet.

But, it may be said, radium fires them off so seldom. Each projectile is violent enough, truly, but you say there is only one out of 3,000 which explodes in the course of a year. That

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is so; but think how many atoms there are in any visible speck of substance. Take a milligramme of radium — that is, take one seventieth of a grain — and ask how many projectiles such as we have been describing are fired off by it each second. The number is surprising; it is no less than thirty million, even from radium itself; and the number of projectiles is really five times as great as this, if the products of disintegration are not allowed to escape. Thirty million projectiles a second, each with a fifteenth of the speed of light, come away from a milligramme of radium every second, yet the speck will last a thousand years before it is half exhausted.

Chemical combination is 'not in it' with energies such as this. And this is the kind of energy which is locked up, and at present inaccessible, in every atom of matter. A little arithmetic would enable us to paraphrase the late Sir William Crookes and say that if all the energy in an ounce of matter could be extracted and fully utilized it would be enough to lift the German Navy and pile it on the top of Ben Nevis.

Sir Ernest Rutherford reckons that the gaseous emanation primarily given off from radium after firing its first shot — this emanation being itself a chemical element which is sometimes called Niton — is so spontaneously active that it actually does radiate energy at the rate of ten thousand horse power per pound, and that the total emission during its short life is equivalent to continuing this rate of emission for six days. And even then only a fraction of its energy would have been got rid of, for it has only changed to another substance which still has plenty more.

Undoubtedly if the progress of discovery enables us to get at and utilize the energy locked up in a ton of ordinary matter per diem no further motive power would be needed. And if further we found ourselves able to liberate any considerable portion of such energy in a short period of time, the explosive violence would be such that the very planet would be unsafe.

It is to be hoped that no such facilities will fall to the lot of an enterprising scientific nation until it is really and humanely civilized, and is both willing and able to keep its destructive power in check. Humanity is not ripe for any and every discovery; but in due time, and when it can be applied to useful and beneficent ends, I doubt not some such power as that here foreshadowed will be attained.

The Observer

RUIN OR RETRENCHMENT, THE CHOICE BEFORE GREAT BRITAIN

The debate on the Consolidated Fund Bill has caused something like consternation in the country. The chancellor of the exchequer told the House of Commons that the nation is on the way to bankruptcy. Mr. Chamberlain said that — and yet remains chancellor of the exchequer. He had no remedy to offer, and no plans for retrenchment, and seemed to think he had done his part when he had mentioned that we are drifting to ruin. He had no difficulty, indeed, in showing that the prodigalities of the government had been connived at and encouraged by the House of Commons. Facing his critics, who were now talking economy, he stated that only the previous day a member had come to him with a memorial to the prime minister, which more than half the members of the House of Commons had signed, calling upon the government 'to increase the pensions of civil servants who had retired and whose bargain with the state was completed.'

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The member in question gayly stated that he could have got it signed by the whole House if necessary. We can well believe it. No doubt people in receipt of pensions are inconvenienced and even distressed by the general rise in prices — and so are tens of thousands of other people who have small fixed incomes. Why should one section out of a whole class be relieved at the cost of the taxpayer? Yet half the House of Commons was in favor of this unequal and partial distribution of public funds. On this occasion the chancellor of the exchequer was firm, but when he went on to tell of the nation's rapid approach to bankruptcy, he did so with a detachment, and a sort of resigned helplessness, which suggested that he had no special responsibility, and was in the position of a spectator watching events beyond his control. He admitted that the national expenditure now amounts to four and a half millions a day, and that if that goes on it means ruin. Nor will economy, however rigid, suffice to save us. While the industrial production of the country can be increased, no amount of going without will help us. Mr. Chamberlain was emphatic in pointing out and deploring the perils of the situation, but he is content to remain in office though so little is done to avert them.

For five years all the best energies of the civilized world were diverted from the peaceful production of commodities to the work of scientific destruction. There was an immense waste in every country in Europe. But there was more than that. There grew up a habit of reckless expenditure which led to an orgie of extravagance, which still continues. Who could stop to count the cost when men's lives were in the balance? Men were dying because there was a shortage of shells, so it was the duty of the government to get them — to get them anyhow, so that they were got quickly. There was no time to scrutinize contracts, or to puzzle about prices; the only question was how soon could the goods be delivered. To bargain, or investigate, or ask for rival estimates meant delay, and the price of delay was blood. All the strength of England was concentrated, and concentrated for one supreme purpose; and the shells came and the German guns were overwhelmed. And it was the same in every department of public life. If munition workers, or miners, or railway men threatened trouble the thought of the war was the supreme consideration which determined the conduct of the government. No demand was too unreasonable to be refused, if a refusal meant a dispute which might hamper the men in the field. When timber supplies from abroad were cut off by the activities of the U-boats, and the coal pits began to run short of props, the government was suddenly forced into a new industry. Great tracts of woodlands were acquired, and then labor had to be attracted at once at wages which defied all competition. All the ordinary rules of prudence came to be ignored in one public department after another. It was a sort of Rake's Progress. A demoralized countryside, seeing government officials pour out wages like water, and paying prices hitherto unheard of in the district, easily concluded that it was not necessary to be scrupulously accurate when dealing with an employer to whom the saving of money appeared to be no object. This profuse expenditure on the part of the government has naturally forced up the rate of wages, and therefore the cost of production, and therefore of prices all over the country. Is the government capable of putting on the brake?

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Unfortunately, the habits of thrifty administration, abandoned during the war, are not easily recaptured. Men who have grown accustomed to give orders regardless of expense find it difficult to get back to the old narrow ways, and accustom themselves to the thought that the coat must be cut according to the cloth. Many officials seem incapable of realizing that the war is over, or at least to understand that its ending has any relation to this or that pet scheme which they are still bent on rushing to completion. The House of Commons last week roared with laughter at hearing of the zeal with which an anti-aircraft force near Nottingham was still carrying on its work, and that quite recently it had got another gun into position. Even when it was subsequently explained that what has really taken place was only the readjustment of the position of an old gun, the incident was still thought to be characteristic. Even when the great spending departments can be brought to understand that peace has returned, and to reduce their activities accordingly there will remain an atmosphere of extravagance which tempts statesmen habitually to think in millions, and to advocate only the most grandiose schemes. The housing question will demand a heavy expenditure, and the new Education Act must make large demands on the national purse, through the medium of both rates and taxes. On every side the government is faced with claims for an even larger expenditure, and yet they seem to do nothing effective to bring things to a halt. It is all very well for the chancellor of the exchequer to call for drastic curtailment, and for the prime minister to talk of the spirit of irresponsibility which is abroad. Yet when the government is tackled about extravagant expenditure, ministers like General Seely and Mr. Churchill are content to enumerate such reductions as have been effected in the bloated establishments called into existence during the war. As long as this sort of thing continues there is bound to be a decline in the country's confidence in their governors, and that lack of patience which the prime minister deplored. If, as he warns us, the country must pull itself together, so must the government. And it must take the form of making themselves masters of the bureaucracy, and of insisting rigidly on an all-round reduction of this 'gigantic expenditure' which is ruining the country.

The Tablet

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TALK OF EUROPE

THE discussion, often acrimonious, concerning the Kaiser's trial, is still to be found in the British journals. The *Tory Saturday Review*, which is strongly opposed to the scheme, prints the following paragraph:

The selection of London as the place of trial for the ex-Kaiser is just the sort of mistake which Messrs. Clemenceau, Wilson and George might have been expected to make. It is a sop to vulgar democratic hatred, and would never have been made by the aristocratic diplomacy. For it is a mistake of taste, a want of tact. London is the last place in the world that ought to have been chosen for the trial, first, because the English are the chief enemies of the Germans (according to the Germans); secondly, because London is the court of William of Hohenzollern's first cousin, the home of his illustrious grandmother; thirdly, because William of Hohenzollern has often been our guest. King George and the Emperor must in their younger days have lived in some intimacy; they must have shot together at Sandringham, ridden together in Windsor forest. The choice of London shows the same kind of ill-breeding as the message of congratulation to Kerenski on the Tsar's deposition.

The creation of an extraordinary tribunal is another, but a different kind of blunder. It is a repetition of the mistake which the Unionists made in 1888 by appointing a special tribunal to try Parnell and the Irish members. These extraordinary tribunals never command the same respect for their judgments as the ordinary, established tribunals, whether legal or military: witness the trials of Charles I, Warren Hastings, and Parnell. The reason is that special courts *pro hac vice* are always appointed by politicians in a rage. The ex-Kaiser might have been tried by a grand court-martial, for he was the Commander-in-Chief of the German Army. If William of Hohenzollern should be 'dismissed with a reprimand,' we shall be the laughing-stock of the world.

GENERAL MILLER, Governor General of Northern Russia, recently gave his impressions of the political and military situation. He writes: 'There is only one way of putting an end to the Bolshevist régime in Russia. The Bolshevist rulers must be driven from the administrative centres (Petrograd and, above all, Moscow), and hunted down till they are caught. This result can only be attained by military force. Weariness, the disappearance of the elements which might have headed an insurrectionary movement, and the reign of terror make it almost impossible for the people to free itself from the Bolshevist yoke. What reception would a combined advance on Moscow meet with from the population? Unanimity is not to be expected, but the predominant desire of the population will be to have done with civil war and have a chance of returning to its peaceful, laborious existence. Peasants and townsmen alike will not commit themselves to the support of one party until they are certain that it will have the upper hand. So long as they are not sure whether Bolsheviki or anti-Bolsheviki will be finally successful they will endeavor to remain neutral. But as soon as they see fortune favoring the anti-Bolsheviki they will join their ranks in masses to get rid of the Bolshevist nightmare.

We must, therefore, gain the confidence of the population by a display of military force. Military force is the only thing in which the people still believe; political doctrines, democratic phraseology, now leave them cold. The peasant wants to keep the land, possess it, work on it, and quietly enjoy the fruits of his labor. The lesser bourgeois and the workman want to live once more like human beings, and not starve. They will give their support to a military force which seems to them strong enough to sweep away Bolshevism altogether. The rôle of the Allies is to help Russia to create this force.

An offensive on our front is especially

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necessary to put a stop to the tales put about by the Bolsheviki that nothing has been done here in spite of the presence of the Allies, and that the efforts of the population have been in vain. It is for us Russians to make the offensive but let the Allies help us by holding the lines of communication. To remain in our present situation till autumn would be fatal. Disillusion and despair would take hold of men's minds, and the support of the population would no longer have the necessary vigor. We must march, we must advance, or the instrument will get rusty, and the Bolshevist propaganda will have an easy task.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Robert William Seton-Watson, B. A., of New College, Oxford, is perhaps the preëminent European authority on Austro-Hungarian and Balkan history and politics. Mr. Seton-Watson founded *The New Europe*, and was, till March, 1916, its editor-in-chief.

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Anatole France, a stylist, satirist, and political thinker, needs no introduction to readers of the LIVING AGE. In the August 9 number of the weekly may be found an article on Mr. France by W. L. George.

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Frederic J. Libby is connected with the reconstruction work being done in France by the English Society of Friends.

Robert de Traz is a Swiss journalist attached to the staff of the *Journal de Geneve.*

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J. J. Bell will be remembered as the author of *Wee McGregor.*

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Richard Whiteing, student of sociology, journalist and novelist, is the author of *No. 5 John Street.*

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Charles August Kincaid has occupied high judicial posts in the Indian Administration since 1891.

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William Patton Ker is professor of English literature at University College, London.

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A FROSTY NIGHT

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Mother: Sweet, my dear, what ails you,
Dazed and white and shaken?
Has the chill night numbed you?
Is it fright you have taken?

Alice: Mother, I am very well;
I felt never better.
Mother, do not hold me so,
Let me write my letter.

Mother: Alice, love, what ails you?
Alice: Nay, but I am well.
The night was cold and frosty;
There's no more to tell.

Mother: Ay, the night was frosty,
Coldly gaped the moon;
But the birds seemed twittering
Through green boughs of June.

Soft and thick the snow lay,
Stars danced in the sky:
Not all the lambs of May Day
Skip so bold and hign.

Your feet were dancing, Alice,
Seemed to dance on air,
You looked a ghost or angel
In the starlight there.

Your eyes were frosted starlight,
Your heart, fire and snow;
Who was it said 'I love you'?
Alice: Mother, let me go!

The Owl

SOMETHING

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

How long I have wished for something
I know well,
But what that something is I cannot tell.

So often at sunrise in sad tears I wake
Shivering with longing for its sake;

So often at noontide when the house is still
It sickens me with its unbidden ill;

So often at twilight it does not seem far,
Not further than the first and far-off star;

All, all my life is built toward its token
Yet by its near far-offness I am broken.

For I am ever under something's spell,
But what that something is I cannot tell.

The Owl

THE MASTER AND THE LEAVES

BY THOMAS HARDY

'We are budding, master, budding,
We of your favorite tree;
March drought and April flooding
Arouse us merrily.
The stemlets brightly studding;
And yet you do not see.

'We are fully woven for summer
In modes of limpest green,
The twitterer and the hummer
Here rest their rounds between,
While like a "long-roll" drummer
The night-hawk thrills the treen.

'We are turning yellow, master,
And next we are turning red,
And faster then and faster
Shall seek our rooty bed —
All wasted in disaster
The magic show we spread!'

'I mark your early going,
And that you'll soon be clay,
I have seen your summer showing
As in my youthful day;
But why I seem unknowing
Is too deep down to say.'

The Owl

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